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THE LADY'S
Home Magazine

OF LITERATURE, ART, AND FASHION.

EDITED BY

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THE LADY'S

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1857.

PARTING HAWSERS OFF GODSEND LEDGE.

DR. KANE'S ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.*

THE narrative of Dr. Kane, though written in an unambitious style, is simple, lucid, comprehensive, and has a peculiar interest attached to it. It transports us into new regions, where the footsteps of civilized man have never before so far penetrated. It is the work of an explorer, fulfilling a mission of humanity at the instance of a government whose sympathies are not confined to its own citizens, but are coextensive with the family of man. No individual possessed in a higher degree the requisites of science, experience, patience, humanity, and indefatigable industry, for the proper fulfilment of such a mission; and notwithstanding the many trying and agitating scenes through which he passed, no adventurer seems to have had a firmer reliance on Providence, to have been more constantly under its protection, or to have emerged from his sufferings with a less personally-exultant and more grateful spirit. It is pleasant and instructive to follow the course of such an author in the accounts he

* Arctic Explorations: The Second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin, 1853-4-5. By Elisha Kent Kane, M. D., U. S. N. Illustrated by upwards of three hundred engravings from sketches by the author. The steel plates executed under the superintendence of J. M. Butler;—the wood engravings by Van Ingen & Snyder. In two volumes. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson, 124 Arch street. 1856.

gives us of the habits and roving life of the Esquimaux, a people but little known to us, existing in a savage state, but yet having its ideas of religion and social duty—of the friendly associations he formed with them—of the bold and novel features of the wild and frozen region they inhabit—of the discoveries he made in respect to the character of the coast, and especially of the hardships which he and his brave companions endured during a two winters' residence in the intense cold of the polar regions, surrounded by Egyptian darkness, often suffering from want of an adequate supply of food and fuel, afflicted by diseases, the result of such destitution, which in some instances proved fatal; far removed from all the sympathies of civilized life; self-dependent, God-dependent, always hoping for the best; grappling with appalling dangers with a fearless and united spirit; observing rules, maintaining order, and submitting to authority in the daily routine of duties often painful and difficult; cheerful, kind to each other, and faithful in the worst circumstances; exposing their lives to imminent risks in their encounters with the monsters of the deep, and the no less ferocious beasts of the forests, in their efforts to sustain a scanty sustenance;—it is instructive to witness such examples of heroism and patient endurance in the midst of danger and difficulty, voluntarily incurred for the sake of science and humanity, and a subject of congratulation that these heroic adventurers were our own countrymen. In an age, too, supposed by many to be preëminently selfish, such evidences of disinterested devotion to duty are honorable to humanity itself.

On opening the volumes before us, our attention is naturally attracted first by the rare beauty of its general execution. The American public are indebted to Messrs. Hamilton, Butler, Van Ingen and Snyder, who have contributed so largely to its embellishment, for the exquisite skill they have exhibited in reproducing the original drafts of the gifted author, whose talents as a sketcher were industriously exercised amidst all the cares and anxieties of his Arctic expedition. The numerous engravings, including the spirited portrait of Kane, the hero of the enterprise, which makes the frontispiece of the first volume, and of Mr. Grinnell, its projector, which faces the title-page of the second, will bear the closest inspection and criticism, and we congratulate the several artists on having achieved triumphs which, we trust, may stimulate rivalry, if they do not provoke like results, in other quarters, in the embellishment of works of similar interest. Nor are the public-spirited publishers of the admirably executed work, before us, to be omitted from these deserved commendations. We have seen no work more classical and unexceptionable in all its characteristics, and, until some fault is pointed out, which has escaped our notice, we shall regard it as perfect a model of beautiful typography as has appeared in any country, since the discovery of the art of printing.

Dr. Kane had been engaged, under Lieut. De Haven, in the Grinnell Expedition, which sailed from the United States in 1850, for the Arctic seas, in search of Sir John Franklin. Not satisfied with the fruitless result of that noble enterprise, his mind, after his return, was fully occupied, for some months, with the scheme of renewing it, in the hope of a more successful issue. Under these circumstances, and cherishing such designs, public-spirited American citizens, influenced by similar hopes, with a generosity that will always reflect honor on their memory, came to his aid. Mr. Henry Grinnell, the projector of the first Expedition, placed the Advance, in which he had performed his previous voyage, at his disposal, and our countryman, Mr. Peabody, resident at London, contributed largely to its outfit, as well also as the Geographical Society of New York, the Smithsonian Institution, and the American Philosophical Society. The object of the expedition, as we have intimated, was to rescue the missing party, or resolve the mystery of its fate, and to promote the cause of science by extending the boundaries of American discovery.

In the month of December, 1852, our author received special orders from the Secretary of the Navy, to conduct the Expedition, which, accordingly, was prosecuted under the auspices of the United States Government. The party consisted of eighteen individuals, including the commander, eleven of whom, belonging to the United States Navy, were attached to it by orders from the Navy Department. The rest were volunteers. The Advance was a hermaphrodite brig of one hundred and forty-four tons—"a good sailer and easily managed," and, added to the equipments, there were five boats, one of them a metallic life-boat.

The Advance left New York, 30th May, 1853, under an escort of steamers, amid demonstrations of lively sympathy and encouragement, and, in eighteen days, reached St John's, Newfoundland, where the party received a hearty English welcome from the Governor, the public authorities and the inhabitants, who were as-

siduous in promoting their views. There they laid in a fresh supply of provisions, and, having received from Governor Hamilton a considerate present of "a noble team of Newfoundland dogs," they directed their course by Baffin's Bay to the coast of Greenland, reaching the harbor of Fiskernaes on the first of July, about one month after leaving the port of New York. This is a famous codfish fishing-ground, and here our author made the acquaintance of Mr. Lassen, the superintending official of the Danish company, "a hearty, single-minded man, fond of his wife, his children and his pipe," to whom he had an official letter from the Court of Denmark, and through whose influence he was enabled to obtain an Esquimaux hunter, Hans Cristian, for his party. Hans was true-hearted, faithful and conscientious. He had been instructed by the Moravian missionaries, and was truly religious. He became a favorite of his commanding officer, and was often employed by him in the execution of important trusts that required skill, fidelity and vigilance. He is equally a favorite of the reader. He is introduced to us as an expert with the kayak and javelin, but it was not until he gave "a touch of his quality by spearing a bird upon the wing" that Dr. Kane engaged his services, and who thus describes him:

"He was fat, good-natured, and, except under the excitements of the hunt, as stolid and unimpressible as one of our own Indians. He stipulated that, in addition to his very moderate wages, I should leave a couple of barrels of bread and fifty-two pounds of pork with his mother; and I became munificent in his eyes when I added the gift of a rifle and a new kayak. We found him very useful; our dogs required his services as a caterer, and our own table was more than once dependent on his energies."

By the courtesy of the publishers, we have been permitted to use such engravings from the work as may serve to illustrate this article. Availing ourselves of the privilege, we introduce to the reader Hans Cristian, with a mouth, eyes, eyebrows, and forehead which indicate a fine moral development and no inconsiderable degree of intellectual elevation.

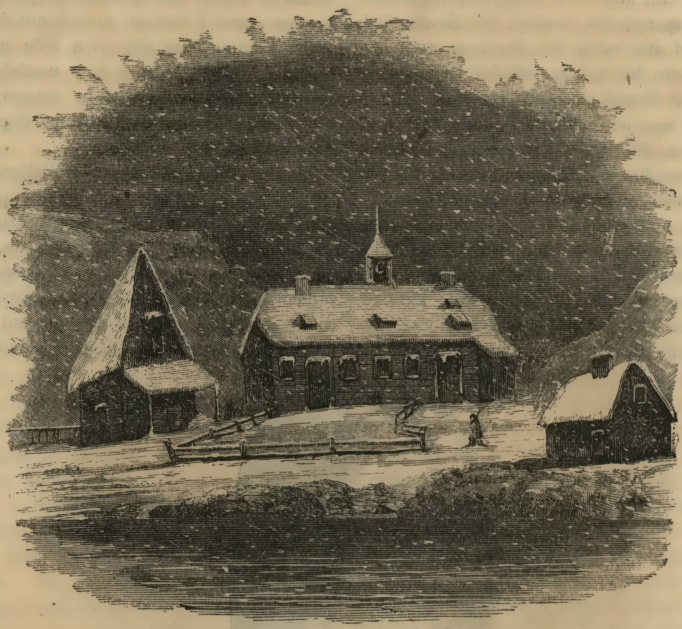
PORTRAIT OF HANS.

While the Advance was beating out of the Fiord of Fiskernaes, the party had an opportunity of visiting Lichtenfels, the ancient seat of the Greenland congregations, and one of the three Moravian settlements. The following is the description which our author gives of this consecrated spot:

"As we rowed into the shadow of its rock-embayed cove, every thing was so desolate and still, that we might have fancied ourselves outside the world of life; even the dogs—those querulous, never-sleeping sentinels of the rest of the coast—gave no signal of our approach. Presently, a sudden turn around a projecting cliff, brought into view a quaint old Silesian mansion, bristling with irregularly disposed

chimneys, its black, over-hanging roof studded with dormer windows, and crowned with an antique belfry.

"We were met, as we landed, by a couple of grave, ancient men, in sable jackets, and close velvet skull-caps, such as Vandyke or Rembrandt himself might have painted, who gave us a quiet, but kindly welcome. All inside of the mansion-house—the furniture, the matron, even the children—had the same time-sobered look. The sanded floor was dried by one of those huge white-tiled stoves, which have been known for generations in the north of Europe; and the stiff-backed chairs were evidently coeval with the first days of the settlement. The heavy-built table in the middle of the room was soon covered with its simple offerings of hospitality: and we sat around to talk of the lands we had come from, and the changing wonders of the times.



MORAVIAN SETTLEMENT AT LICHTENFELS.

"We learned that the house dated back as far as the days of Matthew Stach; built, no doubt, with the beams that floated so providentially to the shore some twenty-five years after the first landing of Egedé; and that it had been the home of the brethren who now greeted us, one for twenty-nine, and the other twenty-seven years. The 'Congregation Hall' was within the building, cheerless now, with its empty benches; a couple of French horns, all that I could associate with the gladsome piety of the Moravians, hung on each side the altar. Two dwelling-rooms, three chambers, and a kitchen, all under the same roof, made up the one structure of Lichtenfels.

"Its kind-hearted inmates were not without intelligence and education. In spite of the formal cut of their dress, and something of the stiffness that belongs to a protracted, solitary life, it was impossible not to recognize, in their demeanor and course of thought, the liberal spirit that has always characterized their church. Two of their 'children,' they said, had 'gone to God,' last year, with the scurvy; yet they hesitated at receiving a scanty supply of potatoes, as a present from our store."

On the 10th July, the party reached Sukkertop, or sugar-loaf—a peak rising some 3000 feet above the sea. There is a little colony at its base, who occupy "a rocky gorge, so narrow and broken that a stair-way connects the detached group of huts, and the tide, as it rises, converts part of the ground-plot into a temporary island." Here our author purchased rein-deer skins, which "form the ordinary upper clothing of both sexes, the seal being used for pantaloons and water-proof dresses;" and as many as he could get "of the crimped seal-

skin boots or moccasins, an admirable article of walking gear." On the 16th they passed the promontory of Swarte-huk, and next day reached Proven, where our author completed his stock of furs for sledge parties. Here leaving the brig in the care of Mr. Brooks, he set out in a whale-boat to make purchases of dogs among the natives, gathering them at the different settlements, until the party reached Upernavik, where they shared, for a couple of days, the hospitality of the governor.

On the 27th July they encountered an ice-fog near the entrance of Melville Bay, and endeavored to double the bay by an outside passage. On the 29th they made loose ice, and apprehensive of a besetment, after eight hours heavy labor, succeeded in fastening to an iceberg.

"We had hardly a breathing spell, before we were startled by a set of loud crackling sounds above us; and small fragments of ice, not larger than a walnut, began to dot the water like the first drops of a summer shower. The indications were too plain: we had barely time to cast off, before the face of the berg fell in ruins, crashing like near artillery.

"Our position, in the meantime, had been critical, a gale blowing off the shore, and the floes closing and scudding rapidly. We lost some three hundred and sixty fathoms of whale line, which were caught in the floes, and had to be cut away to release us from the drift. It was a hard night for boat work, particularly with those of the party who were taking their first lessons in floe navigation."

The navigation continued to be threatening and dangerous, till they had cleared the bay, when they reached the North Water. The author makes some sensible remarks on his reasons for preferring the outside to the inside passage, which latter has generally been preferred by the whalers. On the 6th of August they neared capes Alexander and Isabella, the

CAPE ALEXANDER.

headlands of Smith's Sound, the coast presenting, at that season of the year, a very uninviting aspect.

"As we look far off to the west," says the author, "the snow comes down with heavy uniformity to the water's edge, and the patches of land seem as rare as the summer's snow on the hills about Sukkertoppen and Fiskernaes. On the right we have an array of cliffs, whose frowning grandeur might dignify the entrance to the proudest of southern seas. I should say they would average from four to five hundred yards in height, with some of their precipices eight hundred feet at a single steep. They have

been, until now, the Arctic pillars of Hercules; and they look down on us as if they challenged our right to pass. Even the sailors are impressed, as we move under their dark shadow. One of the officers said to our look-out, that the gulls and eider that dot the water about us were as enlivening as the white sails on the Mediterranean. 'Yes, sir,' he rejoined, with sincere gravity; 'yes, sir, in proportion to their size."

On the 7th of August they were fairly inside the sound, having Littleton Island before them, and a capacious bay (Hartstene) on their left; and a glacier issuing from a fiord in its northeastern recesses. Our author had determined from the first, to penetrate as far to the north as the elements would permit him, but felt the importance of securing some place of retreat, in case of any serious disaster, as well as the necessity of leaving, at some suitable points, tracks by which to guide those who might follow them. They therefore left a cairn on Littleton Island, and deposited in its neighborhood a boat with a supply of clothes and provisions. While engaged in this labor, the party found that the spot they had selected for the purpose had once been inhabited.

"We found, to our surprise, that we were

ESQUIMAUX RUINED HUTS—LIFE-BOAT COVE.

not the first human beings who had sought a shelter in this desolate spot. A few ruined walls, here and there, showed that it had once been the seat of a rude settlement; and in the little knoll which we cleared away to cover in our storehouse of valuables, we found the mortal remains of their former inhabitants.

"Nothing can be imagined more sad and homeless than these memorials of extinct life. Hardly a vestige of growth was traceable on the bare, ice-rubbed rocks; and the huts resembled so much the broken fragments that surrounded them, that at first sight it was hard to distinguish one from the other. Walrus bones lay about in all directions, showing that this animal had furnished the staple of subsistence. There were some remains, too, of the fox and the narwhal; but I found no signs of the seal or the reindeer.

"These Esquimaux have no mother earth to receive their dead; but they seat them as in the attitude of repose, the knees drawn close to the body, and enclose them in a sack of skins. The implements of the living man are then grouped around him; they are covered with a rude dome of stones, and a cairn is piled above. This simple cenotaph will remain intact for generation after generation. The Esquimaux never disturb a grave.

"From one of the graves I took several perforated and rudely-fashioned pieces of walrus ivory, evidently parts of a sledge and lance gear. But wood must have been even more scarce with them than with the natives of Baffin's Bay, north of the Melville glacier. We found, for instance, a child's toy spear, which, though elaborately tipped with ivory, had its wooden handle pieced out of four separate bits, all carefully patched, and bound with skin. No piece was more than six inches in length, or half-an-inch in thickness.

"We found other traces of Esquimaux, both on Littleton Island, and in Shoal-Water Cove, near it. They consisted of huts, graves, places

of deposit for meat, and rocks arranged as fox-traps. These were evidently very ancient; but they were so well preserved, that it was impossible to say how long they had been abandoned, whether for fifty or a hundred years before."

Here the party erected an American flag-staff, wedging it into the crevices of the rocks, and "hailed its folds with three cheers as they expanded in the cold midnight breeze." Then rejoining their ship, they "forced on again towards the north, beating against wind and tide, until, August 8th, they reached a beautiful cove, land-locked from east and west, and accessible only from the north," which the commander called REFUGE HARBOR, and where they moored their vessel. "The choking up of the floes on the eastern side preventing any attempt at progress." Several unsuccessful efforts were made to work the vessel to seaward through the floes. Some little progress was effected by warping it along the shore, from one lump of grounded ice to another. At length they reached a rocky islet, where the vessel was moored "until the winds should give them fairer prospects," and which, in consideration of the protection its rocks had afforded from the rolling masses of ice, they agreed to remember as "Godsend Ledge." The protection was only temporary. A gale arose, which, on the 20th August, became a perfect hurricane.

"It came on heavier and heavier, and the ice began to drive more wildly than I thought I had ever seen it. I had just turned in to warm and dry myself during a momentary lull, and was stretching myself out in my bunk, when I heard the sharp, twanging snap of a cord. Our six-inch hawser had parted, and we were swinging by the two others, the gale roaring like a lion to the southward.

"Half-a-minute more, and 'twang, twang!' came a second report. I knew it was the whale-line by the shrillness of the ring. Our noble ten-inch manilla still held on. I was hurrying my last sock into its seal-skin boot, when McGary came waddling down the companion-ladders:—'Captain Kane, she won't hold much longer; it's blowing the devil himself, and I am afraid to surge.'

"The manilla cable was proving its excellence when I reached the deck; and the crew, as they gathered round me, were loud in its praises. We could hear its deep Eolian chant, swelling through all the rattle of the running-gear and moaning of the shrouds. It was the death-song! The strands gave way with the noise of a shotted gun; and, in the smoke that followed their recoil, we were dragged out by the wild ice, at its mercy.

"We steadied and did some petty warping, and got the brig a good bed in the rushing drift; but it all came to nothing. We then tried to beat back through the narrow, ice-clogged water-way, that was driving, a quarter of a mile wide, between the shore and the pack. It cost us two hours of hard labor, I thought skilfully bestowed; but at the end of that time we were at least four miles off, opposite the great valley in the centre of Bedevilled Reach. Ahead of us, farther to the north, we could see the strait growing still narrower, and the heavy ice-tables grinding up, and clogging it between the shore-cliffs on one side, and the ledge on the other. There was but one thing left for us:—to keep, in some sort, the command of the helm, by going freely where we must otherwise be driven. We allowed her to scud under a reefed foretopsail; all hands watching the enemy, as we closed, in silence.

"At seven in the morning, we were close upon the piling masses. We dropped our heaviest anchor with the desperate hope of winding the brig; but there was no withstanding the ice-torrent that followed us. We had only time to fasten a spar as a buoy to the chain, and let her slip. So went our best bower!

"Down we went upon the gale again, helplessly scraping along a lee of ice, seldom less than thirty feet thick; one floe, measured by a line as we tried to fasten to it, more than forty. I had seen such ice only once before, and never in such rapid motion. One upturned mass rose above our gunwale, smashing in our bulwarks, and depositing half-a-ton of ice in a lump upon our decks. Our stanch little brig bore herself through all this wild adventure as if she had a charmed life.

"But a new enemy came in sight ahead. Directly in our way, just beyond the line of floe-ice against which we were alternately sliding and thumping, was a group of bergs. We had no power to avoid them; and the only question was, whether we were to be dashed in pieces against them, or whether they might not offer us some providential nook of refuge from the storm. But, as we neared them, we perceived that they were at some distance from the floe-edge, and separated from it by an interval of open water. Our hopes rose, as the gale drove us toward this passage, and into it; and we were ready to exult, when, from some unexplained cause—probably an eddy of the

wind against the lofty ice-walls—we lost our headway. Almost at the same moment, we saw that the bergs were not at rest; that with a momentum of their own they were bearing down upon the other ice, and that it must be our fate to be crushed between the two.

"Just then a broad sconce-piece, or low, water-washed berg, came driving up from the southward. The thought flashed upon me of one of our escapes in Melville Bay; and as the sconce moved rapidly close alongside us, McGary managed to plant an anchor on its slope, and hold on to it by a whale-line. It was an anxious moment. Our noble tow-horse, whiter than the pale horse that seemed to be pursuing us, hauled us bravely on; the spray dashing over his windward flanks, and his forehead ploughing up the lesser ice, as if in scorn. The bergs encroached upon us as we advanced: our channel narrowed to a width of perhaps forty feet: we braced the yards to clear the impending ice-walls.

". . . . We passed clear; but it was a close shave—so close that our port quarter-boat would have been crushed if we had not taken it in from the davits—and found ourselves under the lee of a berg, in a comparatively open lead. Never did heart-tried men acknowledge with more gratitude their merciful deliverance from a wretched death. . . . . .

"During the whole of the scenes I have been trying to describe, I could not help being struck by the composed and manly demeanor of my comrades. The turmoil of ice under a heavy sea often conveys the impression of danger when the reality is absent; but in this fearful passage, the parting of our hawsers, the loss of our anchors, the abrupt crushing of our stoven bulwarks, and the actual deposit of ice upon our decks, would have tried the nerves of the most experienced icemen. All—officers and men—worked alike. Upon each occasion of collision with the ice which formed our lee-coast, efforts were made to carry out lines; and some narrow escapes were incurred, by the zeal of the parties leading them into positions of danger. Mr. Bonsall avoided being crushed by leaping to a floating fragment; and no less than four of our men at one time were carried down by the drift, and could only be recovered by a relief party, after the gale had subsided.

"As our brig, borne on by the ice, commenced her ascent of the berg, the suspense was oppressive. The immense blocks piled against her, range upon range, pressing themselves under her keel and throwing her over upon her side, till, urged by the successive accumulations, she rose slowly and as if with convulsive efforts along the sloping wall. Still there was no relaxation of the impelling force. Shock after shock, jarring her to her very centre, she continued to mount steadily on her precarious cradle. But for the groaning of her timbers and the heavy sough of the floes, we might have heard a pin drop. And then as she settled down into her old position, quietly taking her place among the broken rubbish, there was a deep-breathing silence, as though all were waiting for some signal before the clamor of congratulation and comment could burst forth."

At length the commander determined to head a sledging party for the purpose of inspecting the coast with a view to the selection of a wintering ground. The records of this excursion are extremely interesting, full of graphic sketches, penned in our author's most animated style. In the course of it, the party discovered "a river, the largest probably yet known in North Greenland, about three quarters of a mile wide at its mouth, and admitting the tides for about three miles, when its bed rapidly ascended, and could be traced by the configuration of the hills as far as a large inner fiord." Our author called it Mary Minturn River, after the sister of Mrs. Henry Grinnell. Returning by land, he with his party at length reached a headland, the last station on the coast of Greenland, and to which he gave the name of Cape William Makepeace Thackeray. About eight miles beyond it is a large headland, indicated on his chart as Cape Francis Hawks, the highest point visible from the late position of the brig, and shutting out, says the author, all views farther north. "The table lands were twelve hundred feet by actual measurement, and interior plateaus were seen of an estimated height of eighteen hundred." We quote the following spirited description from this portion of his journal:

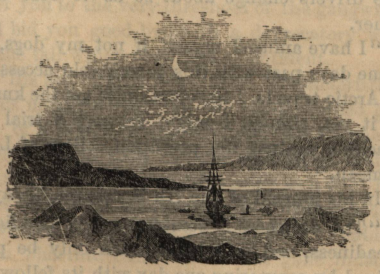
"I shall never forget the sight, when, after a hard day's walk, I looked out from an altitude of eleven hundred feet upon an expanse extending beyond the eightieth parallel of latitude. Far off on my left was the western shore of the Sound, losing itself in distance toward the north. To my right a rolling primary country, led on to a low, dusky, wall-like ridge, which I afterwards recognized as the great Glacier of Humboldt; and still beyond this, reaching northward from north-northeast, was the land which now bears the name of Washington; its most projecting headland, Cape Andrew Jackson, bore fourteen degrees by sextant from the

farthest hill, Cape John Barrow, on the opposite side. The great area between was a solid sea of ice. Close along its shore, almost looking down upon it from the crest of our lofty station, we could see the long lines of hummocks dividing the floes like the trenches of a beleaguered city. Farther out, a stream of icebergs, increasing in numbers as they receded, showed an almost impenetrable barrier; since I could not doubt that among their recesses the ice was so crushed as to be impassable by the sledge.

"Nevertheless, beyond these again, the ice seemed less obstructed. Distance is very deceptive upon the ice, subduing its salient features and reducing even lofty bergs to the appearance of a smooth and attractive plain. But, aided by my Fraunhofer telescope, I could see that traversable areas were still attainable. Slowly, and almost with a sigh, I laid the glass down and made up my mind for a winter search.

"I had seen no place combining so many of the requisites of a good winter harbor, as the bay in which we left the Advance. Near its southwestern corner the wide streams and the watercourses on shore promised the earliest chances of liberation in the coming summer. It was secure against the moving ice: lofty headlands walled it in beautifully to seaward, enclosing an anchorage with a moderate depth of water; yet it was open to the meridian sunlight, and guarded from winds, eddies, and drift. The space enclosed was only occupied by a few rocky islets and our brig. We soon came in sight of her on our return march, as she lay at anchor in its southern sweep, with her masts cutting sharply against the white glacier; and, hurrying on through a gale, were taken on board without accident.

"My comrades gathered anxiously around me, waiting for the news. I told them in few words of the results of our journey, and why I had



WINTER HARBOR.

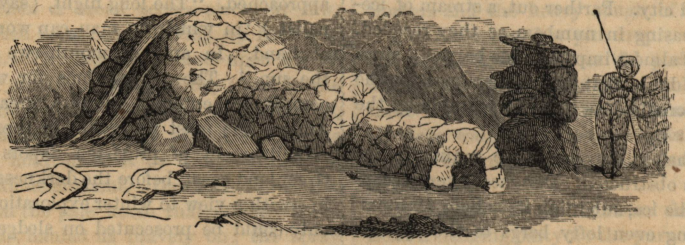
determined upon remaining, and gave at once the order to warp in between the islands. We found seven-fathom soundings and a perfect shelter from the outside ice; and thus laid our little brig in the harbor, which we were fated never to leave together,—a long resting-place to her indeed, for the same ice is around her still."

The winter, though it was only September, approached. "The long night, (says our journalist,) 'in which no man can work,' is close at hand. In another month we shall lose the sun." The preparations for winter were accordingly entered on with great activity. Among the most important of these was the establishment of provision depots along the Greenland coast, before the darkness should set in—with a view to winter explorations. These only could be prosecuted on sledges with the aid of the dogs, of which our captain had taken care to obtain a liberal supply, both Newfoundland and Esquimaux. Six of them made a powerful travelling team; but four served his purpose for ordinary journeys, in the neighborhood of the brig. The former required training. The Esquimaux dogs were the most hardy and reliable. They were characterised by "power, speed, patient and enduring fortitude, and remarkable sagacity." They were accustomed to the country, or rather to its "icy morasses." Throughout the entire narrative, the dogs of the expedition occupy a conspicuous place, and we early begin to regard them almost with a human interest, on account of their social qualities and their great usefulness. The Esquimaux dogs were semi-savages, resembling the wolf in appearance and disposition, but readily tamed, trained, and domesticated.

Besides, establishing provision depots, it became necessary also to erect observatories for astronomical, magnetic, and meteorological purposes, which occupied time and required care. These out-door labors, which were vigorously prosecuted, were diversified by some intestine disorders that created more or less annoyance and temporary alarm. The first was the incursion of rats in large numbers, who actually took possession of the vessel, and who yielded not to the combined force of brimstone, burnt leather and arsenic, and who had to be dosed with carbonic acid gas, before they were ready to "give up the ship." In consequence of inhaling this gas, two of the party, the French cook and Morton, narrowly escaped with their lives. But a calamity of a graver description menaced the vessel and the lives of its inmates, from a fire which originated in a barrel of charcoal, which made some progress before it was happily extinguished. Next, hydrophobia prevailed, to some extent, among the dogs.

The following description of Esquimaux huts, in the neighborhood of the brig, will interest the reader:

"They are four in number, long deserted, but, to an eye unpractised in Arctic antiquarian inductions, in as good preservation as a last year's tenement at home. The most astonishing feature is the presence of some little outhuts, or, as I first thought them, dog-kennels. These are about four feet by three in ground-plan, and some three feet high; no larger than the pologs of the Tchuschi. In shape they re-



THE ESQUIMAUX HUTS.

semble a rude dome; and the stones of which they are composed are of excessive size, and evidently selected for smoothness. They were, without exception, of waterwashed limestone. They are heavily sodded with turf, and a narrow slab of clayslate serves as a door. No doubt they are human habitations,—retiring-chambers, into which, away from the crowded families of the hut, one or even two Esquimaux have burrowed for sleep,—chilly dormitories in the winter of this high latitude."

The reindeer, fox and hare are found in this region. The hares are smaller than those of Europe and North America. The party built stone traps for foxes on the hills, but they were seldom graced with victims. Hares were sometimes shot. The natives live chiefly on the seal and walrus.

Our author began to practice sledging with his dog-team. He gives us the following account of his first attempts at this novel mode of travelling:

"October 8, Saturday.—I have been practicing with my dog-sledge and an Esquimaux team till my arms ache. To drive such an equipage a certain proficiency with the whip is indispensable, which, like all proficiency, must be worked for. In fact, the weapon has an exercise of its own, quite peculiar, and as hard to learn as single-stick or broadsword.

"The whip is six yards long, and the handle but sixteen inches,—a short lever, of course, to throw out such a length of seal-hide. Learn to do it, however, with a masterly sweep, or else make up your mind to forego driving sledge; for the dogs are guided solely by the lash, and you must be able not only to hit any particular dog out of a team of twelve, but to accompany the feat also with a resounding crack. After this, you find that to get your lash back involves another difficulty; for it is apt to entangle itself among the dogs and lines, or to fasten itself cunningly round bits of ice, so as to drag you head over heels into the snow.

"The secret by which this complicated set of requirements is fulfilled consists in properly describing an arc from the shoulder, with a stiff elbow giving the jerk to the whip-handle from the hand and wrist alone. The lash trails behind as you travel, and when thrown forward is allowed to extend itself without an effort to bring it back. You wait patiently after giving the projectile impulse until it unwinds its slow length, reaches the end of its tether, and cracks, to tell you that it is at its journey's end. Such a crack on the ear or forefoot of an unfortunate dog is signalized by a howl quite unmistakable in its import.

"The mere labor of using this whip is such that the Esquimaux travel in couples, one sledge after the other. The hinder dogs follow mechanically, and thus require no whip; and the drivers change about so as to rest each other.

"I have amused myself, if not my dogs, for some days past with this formidable accessory of Arctic travel. I have not quite got the knack of it yet, though I might venture a trial of cracking against the postillion college of Lonjumeau."

In his journal of the 7th November, he says:

"The darkness is coming on with insidious steadiness, and its advances can only be perceived by comparing one day with its fellow of some time back. We still read the thermometer at noonday without a light, and the black masses of the hills are plain for about five hours

with their glaring patches of snow; but all the rest is darkness. Lanterns are always on the spar-deck, and the lard lamps never extinguished below. The stars of the sixth magnitude shine out at noonday."

The following portrait of "Old Grim," patriarch of the kennel, is quite racy:

"Old Grim was 'a character' such as peradventure may at some time be found among beings of a higher order and under a more temperate sky. A profound hypocrite and time-server, he so wriggled his adulatory tail as to secure every one's good graces and nobody's respect. All the spare morsels, the cast-off delicacies of the mess, passed through the winnowing jaws of 'Old Grim,'—an illustration not so much of his eclecticism as his universality of taste. He was never known to refuse anything offered or approachable, and never known to be satisfied, however prolonged and abundant the bounty or the spoil.

"Grim was an ancient dog; his teeth indicated many winters, and his limbs, once splendid tractors for the sledge, were now covered with warts and ringbones. Somehow or other, when the dogs were harnessing for a journey, 'Old Grim' was sure not to be found; and upon one occasion, when he was detected hiding away in a cast-off barrel, he incontinently became lame. Strange to say, he has been lame ever since except when the team is away without him.

"Cold disagrees with Grim; but by a system of patient watching at the door of our deck-house, accompanied by a discriminating use of his tail, he became at last the one privileged intruder. My seal-skin coat has been his favorite bed for weeks together. Whatever love for an individual Grim expressed by his tail, he could never be induced to follow him on the ice after the cold darkness of the winter set in; yet the dear good old sinner would wriggle after you to the very threshold of the gangway, and bid you good-bye with a deprecatory wag of the tail which disarmed resentment.

"His appearance was quite characteristic:—his muzzle roofed like the old-fashioned gable of a Dutch garret-window; his forehead indicating the most meagre capacity of brains that could consist with his sanity as a dog; his eyes small; his mouth curtained by long black dewlaps; and his hide a mangy russet studded with chestnut-burrs: if he has gone indeed, we 'ne'er shall look upon his like again.' So much for Old Grim!

"When yesterday's party started to take soundings, I thought the exercise would benefit Grim, whose time-serving sojourn on our warm deck had begun to render him over-corpulent. A rope was fastened round him; for at such critical periods he was obstinate and even ferocious; and, thus fastened to the sledge, he commenced his reluctant journey. Reaching a stopping-place after a while, he jerked upon his line, parted it a foot or two from its knot, and, dragging the remnant behind him, started off through the darkness in the direction of our brig. He has not been seen since.

"Parties are out with lanterns seeking him; for it is feared that his long cord may have caught upon some of the rude pinnacles of ice which stud our floe, and thus made him a helpless prisoner. The thermometer is at 44°.6 below zero, and Old Grim's teeth could not gnaw away the cord.

"December 23, Friday.—Our anxieties for old Grim might have interfered with almost anything else; but they could not arrest our celebration of yesterday. Dr. Hayes made us a well-studied oration, and Morton a capital punch; add to these a dinner of marled beef,—we have two pieces left, for the sun's return and the Fourth of July,—and a bumper of champagne all round; and the elements of our frolic are all registered.

"We tracked old Grim to-day through the snow to within six hundred yards of the brig, and thence to the mass of snow-packed sterility which we call the shore. His not rejoining the ship is a mystery quite in keeping with his character."

The long-continued dark days of the winter, with their intense cold, proved rather monotonous to our Arctic adventurers:

"My journal, (says our author,) for the first two months of 1854 is so devoid of interest, that I spare the reader the task of following me through it. In the darkness and consequent inaction, it was almost in vain that we sought to create topics of thought, and by a forced excitement to ward off the encroachments of disease. Our observatory and the dogs gave us our only regular occupations.

"On the 9th of January we had again an occultation of Saturn. The emersion occurred during a short interval of clear sky, and our observation of it was quite satisfactory; the limit of the moon's disc and that of the planet being well defined: the mist prevented our seeing the immersion. We had a recurrence of the same phenomenon on the 5th of February, and an occultation of Mars on the 14th; both of them observed under favorable circumstances, the latter especially.

"Our magnetic observations went on; but the cold made it almost impossible to adhere to them with regularity. Our observatory was, in fact, an ice-house of the coldest imaginable description. The absence of snow prevented our backing the walls with that important non-conductor. Fires, buffalo-robes, and an arras of investing sail-cloth, were unavailing to bring

THE OBSERVATORY.

up the mean temperature to the freezing-point at the level of the magnetometer; and it was quite common to find the platform on which the observer stood full fifty degrees lower, (—20°.) Our astronomical observations were less protracted, but the apartment in which they were made was of the same temperature with the outer air. The cold was, of course, intense, and some of our instruments, the dip-circle particularly, became difficult to manage in consequence of the unequal contraction of the brass and steel.

"On the 17th of January our thermometers stood at forty-nine degrees below zero; and on 20th, the range of those at the observatory was at —64° to —67°. The temperature on the floes was always somewhat higher than at the island, the difference being due, as I suppose, to the heat conducted from the sea-water, which was at a temperature of —29°; the suspended instruments being affected by radiation.

"On the 5th of February our thermometers began to show unexampled temperature. They ranged from 60° to 75° below zero, and one very reliable instrument stood upon the taffrail of our brig at —65°. The reduced mean of our best spirit-standards gave —67°, or 99° below the freezing-point of water.

"At these temperatures chloric ether became solid, and carefully-prepared chloroform exhibited a granular pellicle on its surface. Spirit of naphtha froze at —54°, and oil of sassafras at —49°. The oil of wintergreen was in a flocculent state at —56°, and solid at —63° and —65°.

"The exhalations from the surface of the body invested the exposed or partially-clad parts with a wreath of vapor, The air had a perceptible pungency upon inspiration, but I could not perceive the painful sensation which has been spoken of by some Siberian travellers. When breathed for any length of time, it imparted a sensation of dryness to the air-passages. I noticed that, as it were involuntarily, we all breathed guardedly, with compressed lips."

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It is impossible to do adequate justice to a work of this interesting character, in a narrow compass. We, therefore, propose to continue our examination of it, with illustrations, in our next issue. In the mean time, those who wish for a literary treat of no common excellence, recommended by novel aspects of society, in a hitherto unexplored region, couched in a style at once simple and dignified, should procure the work itself, and judge of its rare merits by a personal perusal of its contents. They will then be better prepared to endorse what we have said in its praise, and to accompany us intelligently in the farther review of it, upon which we propose to enter.

THE MISTAKE OF A LIFE-TIME.

BY LIZZIE LINWOOD.

My aunt, Polly Price, was the neatest of housekeepers—*the very neatest.* Pardon the repetition, kind reader. Had you known her as I knew her, you would not wonder at my inability to conceive of her being excelled, or even equalled, by any person, in this particular trait.

During the summer months there was a continued warfare kept up with flies and spiders, and various creeping things, whose innocence and beauty failed alike to excite her mercy or her admiration. And the dust from the street was an annoyance which she often declared she knew not *how* to endure, and her hatred of which was plainly read in the closed windows and doors, which the greatest rise of mercury could not tempt her to let stand open, except after a shower, or after the dew had fallen at night.

The winter months were also full of trouble. The continual tracking in of snow or mud, and the every-day gathering of dirt around the stove and the wood-box, called for the almost constant application of the broom or mop; so that, altogether, my aunt had a hard time of it "to keep decent for company."

Poor aunt Polly! Everybody called her cross, and almost everybody hated to go into her house, for fear she would scowl at their dusty feet, or run with her polishing powder to clean the door-knob they had touched.

But the one most of all annoyed by this scrupulous neatness was her son John, her only child, a fine, sprightly lad, who, notwithstanding his mother was continually chiding him for his carelessness, was, in reality, "the light of her eyes—the joy of her heart."

Her husband, good old uncle Hezekiah, was a passive inmate of the house; coming in and going out, rubbing his feet, brushing his coat, and working his little farm just as his wife directed; never doubting but it was so intended from the beginning, that the daughters of Eve should hold rule over the sons of Adam.

But John, saucy cousin John, when he arrived at that age when boys begin to think they are going to be men directly, began to question the propriety of so much scolding and fussing, and cleaning; working constantly to keep the house in order for company who never came, and—uncomfortable for those whose home it was. He could never have any pleasure asking his school-mates home with him for an hour, for they were sure to go away offended with his mother.

He had listened daily, if not hourly, from the first of his remembrance, to long lectures about keeping out of the dirt, keeping his clothes nice, and putting things in place; the effect of which was to make him vexingly careless, and shockingly undutiful.

My poor cousin had fretted and chafed under this unwise treatment, until his feelings were fast approaching a climax. He had called for me one day to go and pick berries with him, and after filling our baskets, we were slowly returning, when, all of a sudden, he turned his bright face towards me, and remarked with singular firmness:

"Cousin Lizzie, I'm going to sea."

"Going to sea! What do you mean, John?"

"I mean just what I say. I'm going to New Bedford, to get a situation in a whaling ship. I saw an advertisement in our paper last week, for one or two under hands for a ship that is to sail soon, and *I am going there to offer myself!* If I'm refused, I shall come home again; if not, *I shall go!*"

"Why, cousin John, you are crazy! What will your mother say?"

"That's just it. 'What will mother say?' There is one she won't say as much to as she does now. The fact is, cousin Lizzie, she is teazing my life out of me, and I am losing my patience more and more every day. I can never stir in the house, but she is close upon me, with a sponge and a clothes-brush, and just so many times as I go out and come in, just so many times do I have to hear the same thing repeated—"wipe your feet, John; wipe your feet." And she always gets the water for me to wash in the morning, for fear I shall drip it between the pail and the basin, and watches to see if I rinse the soap all off my hands; and she always runs with a towel to pin round my neck when I brush my hair—and—indeed, Lizzie, I *never* shall be a man without I go away, away where she cannot follow me."

I did not undertake to do away with this long list of grievances, by apologising for my aunt; neither did I dare to encourage a spirit of complaint in my cousin, or favor the wild project he had mentioned. Being his senior by some two or three years, I felt the responsibility heavy upon me to dissuade him from any thing that might be wrong. But my sympathy for

him was strong, for I was well aware of the annoyances to which he was subject—annoyances small in themselves, but terrible in their multiplicity.

We had a long and serious talk, which resulted in more than half convincing me that my cousin's idea of leaving home was reasonable. But the thought of his going to *sea* was dreadful, and I knew would fill his parents' hearts with the keenest anguish. Still, it seemed the only alternative, for, as he said, his mother would never let him rest in peace, anywhere where her footsteps could follow him; and with my girlish ideas of a *man*, it seemed as impossible to me as it did to him, that he could ever become one until he could wash himself and comb his hair without assistance.

Thus sagely did we—a foolish girl of fifteen, and an aspiring boy of thirteen, exchange ideas upon a subject of so much importance. I have never since been able to rid myself of the belief that he took just that amount of encouragement from what I said to him, that was needed to decide his course, and though I have often tried to coax my conscience to quiet about the matter, I have never entirely succeeded.

When we came to the turn of the road where we were to separate, cousin John fixed his full, earnest eyes upon me, and said, entreatingly:

"You won't say anything of this to any one, Lizzie?"

I gave the desired promise, though with strong misgivings as to whether I was doing right, and made my way home, filled with agitating thoughts, and trying to console myself with the belief that he would yet change his mind.

I waited three or four days with the most nervous anxiety, but not seeing or hearing anything of him, I started one morning, after breakfast, for my uncle's house, determined to make a decided effort to prevent cousin John's leaving home.

On arriving there, I looked all around the yard, but seeing nothing of him, I wiped the dust from my shoes with my pocket handkerchief, and tremblingly rapped at the kitchen door.

A faint "come in" was the response. Carefully raising the latch, I entered, and saw at a glance that I was *too late*—and with a feeling of self-condemnation, I softly closed the door, and sat down in the chair to which aunt Polly pointed me.

A most distressing silence followed, during which I had time to look around the room and observe a confusion such as I had never before seen in the house, and which told plainly that something uncommon had happened, or aunt Polly Price would not have been sitting down at nine o'clock in the morning, her breakfast dishes unwashed and her room unswept!

The table stood in the middle of the floor. The toast and coffee had hardly been tasted. A plate of baked potatoes remained untouched, while the butter and cream-cup showed that the old family cat, which had jumped from the table, as I opened the door, had no idea of losing her breakfast because her mistress was dispirited.

Aunt Polly was sitting by the stove, seeming to forget that the weather was warm, her feet upon the hearth and her hands in her lap, clasping a bit of paper, which, from her spectacles lying upon the floor beside her, I concluded was something she had been reading.

I made a violent effort to swallow the bunch in my throat sufficient to inquire for cousin John; but just as I was about succeeding, aunt Polly looked up, and, with all a mother's tenderness in her voice and countenance, asked,

"Lizzie, do you know where John is?"

I was ready to burst into tears, but commanding myself as well as I could, I replied without speaking falsely,

"Why, no, aunt Polly. What *is* the matter?"

She did not reply, but handing me the paper she held, she covered her face with her hands, and bent forward in an agony of grief.

Through blinding tears I read these few words, of pencilling:

"Mother, I'm going away. Perhaps I shall be gone three years—possibly I may return in a week. You will see or hear from me within ten days. Good bye. JOHN."

This little note my aunt had found in cousin John's room, when she went to call him to breakfast, and the terrible surprise and distress it occasioned can better be imagined than expressed.

I felt condemned, and yet I was not sure that I had any cause for feeling so, as it was by no means certain, had I betrayed my cousin's designs, he could have been prevented from leaving home. Though, as it was, I felt bound to do all in my power to console his distressed parent, and encourage the hope that he would return within a few days. Although when I remembered his determined look and words, and thought of his bright, honest, intellectual face, which it seemed to me would be all the passport he would need, I felt but little hope myself of seeing him until a three years' voyage had been accomplished.

Aunt Polly condemned herself in the strongest terms, saying that her punishment was just—that she ought to have known better than to find so much fault with so good a boy. "He was sometimes careless, to-be-sure," said she. "But, O! I ought to have remembered that no one is perfect—surely I am not—and what right had I to blame him? O! it was that, I know, that made him leave us—because I scolded him, to make him do just right, which nobody does—O! O!" And a fresh flow of tears relieved my distressed aunt, and told of her penitence.

I staid an hour or two, offering what consolation I could, and took my leave, promising to go in often, and repeating the hope that possibly the absent one might return, as he had intimated, in a few days.

I saw uncle Hezekiah, as I passed through the yard. He was leaning upon the fence, and the application of his coat-sleeve to his eyes betrayed his thoughts. He did not see me, and I passed on, forbearing to disturb a grief for which I had so little to offer as consolation.

At the close of the week I began to watch the mail with eagerness, with the unusual desire that the watching might be in vain. But I was disappointed, for, upon the tenth day of my cousin's absence, the Postmaster handed me a letter directed to my aunt, in a well-known, school-boy's hand.

Trembling in every limb, I proceeded with it to my poor uncle and aunt. I opened the gate, and passed through the yard with nervous quickness. I stopped at the open door. Aunt Polly was sweeping. She turned suddenly, and seeing the letter in my hand, she gave one wild shriek, and fell senseless to the floor!

The noise alarmed uncle, who was in the garden, and he hurried to the house, and with much difficulty we brought back the life-blood to the face of the poor, heart-broken mother, and got her into her little bedroom, which she never left again until she was robed in her shroud, and prepared for the last resting-place earth has to offer those weary of life.

The dreaded letter read as follows:

"My dear Parents: I have engaged a berth in a Cape Horn whale ship, which is to sail within three days. The captain has provided me with a fitting-out, and I shall soon be far away upon the ocean! Do not be worried about me. I shall be a man when I come home again, and I hope I may be a good man. I do not like to stay at home, but I shall come and see you again, if I live.

"Good bye, Father—Mother. Be kind to each other, and remember your absent and affectionate son, John."

As the last words fell upon her ear, my poor aunt uttered a groan, which told of the terrible anguish that had entered her soul; and the dreadful silence that followed made us painfully sensible of the uselessness of trying to lesson that anguish by anything like an attempt at condolence, or an expression of hope, the realization of which must be postponed three long, dreary years!

Days and weeks passed, but she never recovered from the shock she had received. I spent much time with her, and I was astonished at the change that had come upon her. She became gentle and docile as a child. She seemed displeased with no one but herself; and in answer to my frequent inquiries, how she would have this or that thing done, her invariable reply was,

"Just as you please, Lizzie; just as you please."

I wondered how I could ever have thought her cross or unamiable, and I daily felt my obligation become heavier to supply, so far as was possible, the place of her absent, wandering child.

Her form, already thin by incessant labor, gradually wasted until there seemed scarcely enough left to support vitality. A cough, to which she had long been subject, increased rapidly, and it soon became evident that her life was drawing to a close.

It was touching to hear her moaning, at times, and heart-rending to witness her distress when the fall winds swept around the house, and told of the winter storms that were coming, and the cold that was waiting its time. She could not be convinced that her dear child was beyond their influence, and was not already suffering a thousand fancied ills.

"Oh! my child! my child!" she would exclaim, "driven from home by your mother's fault-finding—away, away upon the mighty ocean, with only a frail bark to separate you from the great deep, where so many find a gloomy grave! Oh! my child, my child!" And, ceasing only from exhaustion, her words would be lost in moans, and her hands clasped in helpless agony.

The wintery snows had but just come when we laid her in the grave; and though no child was there to mourn a mother lost, I gave freely of my own tears, to mingle with my uncle's, over the remains of one, whose last days were full of penitence—heaven-born.

I had left the place before my cousin's three

years' voyage was ended, but I learned, through correspondence, of the grief felt at the melancholy result of his experiment; and also of the respect he paid to the last resting place of his mistaken parent.

I look back upon the whole as a sad dream, from which there is not a clear awakening; and the dark remembrance hangs around, me at times, like a flying phantom, dimming the light of the past. But--peace to thy grave, aunt Polly!

THE CITY BLACKSMITH.

BY WILSON LAWES.

I LOVE to stand at the blacksmith's door,
Just at the close of day,
When the feather we call the evening star
From night's wing is floating away,
And the blinding glories of the west
Melt into quaking gray.

'Tis a homely and a quiet joy
To lose sight of earthly jars,
By watching the fire-flakes, soft as snow,
Like a shoal of falling stars,
Sprout, like miniature comets, through the gloom
'Twixt the glowing iron bars.

I stand on the threshold—day without,
And murkiness within—
And watch the swarthy figures flit
From the fire, to the dusty bin;
And not unpleasant to my ear
Is the hammer and anvil's din.

I love to watch the bright red glow
On the laborer's honest face,
And the thick and well-marked veins, that show
Firm as an iron brace;
And in steadier mood I seek *my* work,
With a quicker and happier pace.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

PALE symbols of life's heart-hopes,
Deep blighted, in other days,
They rustle and sigh o'er the brown hill-slopes,
And crimson the winding ways;
I wade, in the woodland path,
Through golden and scarlet piles,
That Autumn shook from her shower-bath,
All over the purple aisles.

The brooklet is sighing farewell,
The glad birds of summer are gone,
Old Solitude sobs in the dusky dell,
And the winds go wailing on.
I stand in the forest aisles,
'Mid showers of brown and red,
And look through the yellow and broken tiles,
Of the leaf-roof overhead.

There's a duplicate roof, away—
A roof of the deepest blue—
Will it arch o'er me, in a vernal day,
When the forest is sheltered anew?
The fresh, green grass that died,
By the wood-path, and over the plain,
Will it ever be green, on the smooth way-side,—
Be green for me, again?

When the soft, sweet bells of Hope
Are ringing o'er land and sea,
While Summer festooneth the woodland slope,
Who'll list to their jubilee?
We know when the blossoms will die,
And the songsters of summer will flee,
But when—know ye?—will the spirit-bird fly
From its cage of mortality?

THE BIBLE.

THOU truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried!
When all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.

The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live
It taught me how to die!

EVA'S THREE HOMES.

BY MRS. S. A. WENTZ.

Eva Day moved softly about her luxurious dressing-room, with the rose-cloud of tumultuous feeling rising over her beauteous face, then melting away. Her toilet was completed; her waiting maid was dismissed; but ever and anon, she left her cushioned arm-chair, and with hushed footsteps paced her room: she stood before the mirror that reflected her, and she was lovely as the break of morning; but hope and anxiety alternated upon her features.

"It is a very fair vision!" she murmured, as her eye swept down at the full-length figure so airy, so dainty in its bearing, so exquisitely graceful, as it was draped in waving folds of lace and satin. "But *he* cares for inward wealth and beauty—and I have so little of these: he is too good, too wise, to be captivated by a fashionable girl like me. He does not know the hard and long struggle of my life between show and actuality; he does not know how many times I have been on the point of casting my lot with poor Martha, and abandoning all this magnificence. O, Martha! Martha! if it had not been for you, the last link between me and heaven would have been broken! Martha! Martha! how much better off have you been for these passionate gushings of gratitude! That little dreary room—those toiling hands—and the sudden lighting up of her face when I enter—the cruel ban upon her coming here—it kills me to think of it, my noble sister! This costly dress! alas! it would buy her wood, and food, and clothing for a year; then she could rest her aching eyes—but they will not give me money, because they know it will go to her. Poor Martha! why did not God give you a measure of the beauty which has bought me this grand home? But in the upper world there is a law of compensation"—Eva raised her eyes prayingly—"and there, beloved, you will far outshine me in the sweet beauty of your looks—*there* loving eyes will turn upon you, attracted by the magnetism of your being, and I shall be an humble companion beside you in your peerlessness! Amen! it *should* be so! Oh! oh! my God, what lies in my future! Some great and terrible sacrifices I know—a road bestrewn with difficulties—for things must not be as they have been. He does not love me, and I cannot, I dare not, marry any other, even to rescue Martha from her poverty—her clear eyes would instantly pronounce it wrong. From this home I must go; yes! I have said it!"

Eva dropped upon her knees, her great blue eyes uplifted with solemn fervor; the tossed ocean of her heart became suddenly calm under the still light of a great resolve: often she had combated and wavered as to her duty, but now it was as if the heavens had opened, and a dove had descended, saying: "It is well; your baptism into a regenerating life has commenced; you have seen the Divine countenance which is to be your strength!" The young girl dared not linger in the holy hush of feeling that flooded the atmosphere around her, for the hum of voices ascended from below; she opened her Bible, to read but one word of promise or prophecy—her soul yearned for a spoken word from the great Father. It came! for her eye fell upon this passage—"Thou wilt guide me by thy counsel, and afterward receive me into glory."

The door of her room hastily opened, and a stately lady entered. "What do you mean, Eva, by not being in the parlors? I have come up myself to learn the reason; half the company is here already!" The lady spoke sharply.

"I am going this moment, mother," returned the maiden.

"How perfectly enchanting you look!" and a smile broke over the handsome face of Mrs. Vale: "you will bring Mr. Brennan to your feet to-night: nature intended you for a lady, that is evident. I see you presiding in his splendid home already! What luck for the shivering Eva Day, who came to this house eight years ago." Mrs Vale invariably called her adopted child Eva Day, instead of Eva Vale, when she desired her to appreciate the advantages that had accrued to her by her adoption.

The words awoke the pang in Eva's heart: they presaged the difficult path which she was to tread—the hard storm through which she must battle in her weakness. The pair descended to the parlors, and the insipid Mr. Brennan was the first to lift upon the beautiful girl the homage of an admiring glance; many others gathered around her, and their adulation was a pleasant incense—pleasant but not inspiring, for it passed over the surface of her soul, and left its deep places all untouched: she was sparkling and animated, ever ready with a piquant reply and gay expression, for her sym-

pathetic nature caught some coloring from the spirits around her. She had also learned at twenty to assume a manner which was often at variance with her real feelings. Suddenly she caught a look from the opposite side of the room—a look from eyes unseen before—and they were riveted upon her with an intense entreating passion altogether new—altogether undreamed of by Gilbert Cochrane, albeit he removed his gaze the instant Eva's eyes met his. He did not mark that the lovely hue of her cheek passed away, and was succeeded by a momentary paleness, that rose like a white cloud over her face; it kept time to the lull that fell upon her heart—and then some soft angel guarded Eva, and drove from her lips the accustomed sally and quick smile that flashed so brilliantly over her whole countenance.—She stood still as the glory rose and dawned over her inward life—she stood still, unmindful of the great company; for like a vast sea the tide of hope and peace and pride was swelling towards her, and it was more than she could comprehend; so her soul stood hushed and mute as the anthem of its joy was stealing overwhelmingly upon it. Soon her slow graceful step left the gay circle about her, and like one in some stilly dream she sought a seat beside a quiet lady-guest; then, unable to utter commonplaces, and not daring to seek her room, she listlessly found her way to the music-room which was not yet occupied. Observant eyes were upon her, and Gilbert Cochrane followed her, in obedience to a power stronger than his will that drew him. She *felt* who it was that sought her, although she stood looking out into the star-lighted night; when the steps paused at her side, she looked up into the face near her, and gave her hand silently as a subdued smile came to her lips,—then her timorous glance fell, although the sweet modest smile deepened and glowed the more under the tender gaze that gave it life.

"You have many to love you, Eva!" and his low voice was modulated to reach her deepest heart.

"Yes," she simply responded, looking up into his eyes, as the color fluttered to her cheek. A whole heaven of trust was in the look she lifted to him.

"And *all* have power to place you in affluence but I"—he paused, as if startled at his temerity.

"Yes," she responded again, with the same look in his face: it was full of reverence.—"All have power but you!" she repeated, and she laid her other hand upon the one which he had retained: then the great tears rose in her eyes: half-playfully, half-meekly, she bowed down her beauteous head over his hand, and touched her lips upon it. "*You* love me!" she murmured; then frightened at her act, she broke away from him, and turned only to catch the word "Beloved!" as it came irrepressibly from his lips. At the instant, each stood glorified before the other, in the light of this revelation; each saw that principalities and powers dwarfed before deep human love. Gilbert Cochrane would have disdained himself, could he have conceived that Eva was making a sacrifice in giving her heart and hand to him: he apprehended her nature too truly to fear this. And Eva! she returned to the company with a prouder spirit than ever found place within her before—so proud and yet so deeply humble: her soul floated in the splendor of destiny that had come upon her. "Gilbert Cochrane's wife! his beloved wife!" It seemed far, far more than she could conceive or desire of wayward fate.

It was long past midnight; infrequent footsteps had ceased upon the pavement. Eva had bidden the last guest "good night," and she was once more alone in her dressing-room; alone with her great happiness. Her mother's steps sounded along the hall; her hand was upon the door, and the pang awoke again in Eva's heart: the sound of battle startled her alarmed ear: it drew nigh—she must make the disclosure.

Mrs. Vale entered with a clouded brow, and seated herself, as if for a severe tête a tête. Eva sunk upon a chair, as white as ashes: the dreadful beating of her heart rendered her incapable of word or smile.

"Eva!" began her adopted mother abruptly, "I want you to understand me to-night. I have spoiled you by indulgence, and now I see my reward in the entire disregard you have of my wishes; you have misunderstood my character if you suppose I can be trifled with. You must treat Mr. Brennan differently from what you have done to-night, or you will lose your place as our daughter: a portionless girl like you must have her eyes open. I suppose you look upon yourself as our heiress, and think you can pick and choose; but Mr. Vale has nephews, as you know, and you can expect very little from us. You must marry Mr. Brennan! that is settled—here you are twenty, and it is time you began to think about an establishment."

"Mother!" The choked voice was very low: the trembling girl broke into a passion of tears.

After yielding a moment to her feelings, she spoke very calmly: "Mother, please listen to me while I say all that I must say. While I have my being, I shall never forget that you took me a poor orphan child, and gave me this beautiful home; you have supplied every want; have dressed me like a princess; have provided me with the best masters, and have been as indulgent to me as I could ask. When my own mother died, Martha and I were left homeless and penniless: she was willing to work for me, and to perish with me, if God had permitted it."

"Stop!" interrupted Mrs. Vale, imperiously: "I have heard enough about Martha: I have given you to understand that when I adopted you, I did not adopt your relations."

"I must be permitted to speak now," said Eva with dignity: the depth of her excitement could be read in her eye more than in her voice. She went on: "When I came here it was at Martha's entreaty: when I saw her under the iron heel of poverty, and had not at my command the means to relieve her, it was at her entreaty that I remained, that I fared sumptuously every day, while she toiled in her garret room, and languished for the fresh country air which I could enjoy at will. I love luxury, I confess it—I love to see everything splendid around me—I love society, such as this home can secure to me—I love ease;—and had it not been for my sister, I should have gone on to my grave loving these things better than right and duty—I should have chosen outward things, the whited sepulchre before the inner nobleness. But this night, mother, I had resolved that my lot must be cast with Martha's. And"—Eva hesitated: her heart rose and fell, as her mother's eyes were fixed upon her with a kind of cold passion, that seemed to freeze all the frankness out of her being.

"Well?" The icy sharpness of the tone cut to the very heart as it fell from Mrs. Vale's lips.

"Had I remained your daughter, mother," Eva continued with great effort, "I could not have married Mr. Brennan. I did not know until to-night that Mr. Cochrane was attached to me."

"Fool!" uttered Mrs. Vale, rising to her feet. "Fool! will you throw yourself away upon him, to consummate your ungrateful course.—'O, sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child.'" Here in self-pity, Mrs. Vale broke down, and sobbed violently. She had relied on Eva as a stay for old age: she had expected a devotion which it was not in her own nature to bestow upon any one: and now, ere old age had come upon her, her child was about to leave her. She hesitated between a desire to turn Eva out of the house instantly, and a conviction that she *must* be retained.—She loved her better than any one on earth, but her hard nature was incapable of aught but a very selfish affection.

"I *must* go, mother; but oh! if I could retain your love still—if I could have your blessing!" Eva bowed her face in her hands, and wept very quietly but painfully: the old torture as to *what* her duty was, came over her, but a strengthening angel gave her assurance, and impressed it upon her thought that Martha's failing health and lately diseased eyes called for her younger arm to aid her. A long silence was unbroken between the two women. At length Mrs. Vale spoke as if she had a most favorable offer to make.

"Eva, you do not deserve this, but I suppose it's natural that you should want to do something for your sister. I'll dismiss Brown, and make Martha housekeeper. How will that suit? But mind, I want it understood that the relationship between you and her is not to be known: there is no refinement about Martha!"

A deep red flowed in Eva's cheek, but she only uttered, "I could not!"

A black cloud lowered upon Mrs. Vale's brow. "You refuse?" she asked.

The young girl bowed.

"I will give you a week to think of my offer!" Mrs. Vale said after a few moments—"if you accept it, Mr. Cochrane must be forbidden the house."

The proud women turned to leave the room.

"Good night, mother!" and Eva's lips quivered—she felt that it was her last "good night" in that house. Mrs. Vale made no reply, but left her.

"I must not *think*, but act!" murmured the orphan. "Gilbert must not know this, or"—she blushed—"he sails for England so soon, that it will not be difficult to keep it from him—we can meet in morning walks—I can tell him of mother's disapproval of our intimacy."

Eva wrote a farewell letter to her adopted parents. When the dawn penetrated through the blinds, she arrayed herself in a plain morning dress and straw bonnet: then with a small package of letters from those she loved, and with thickly blinding tears that hid everything from her sight, she stole down the stairs. When she gained the street, and had looked up at the splendid home where she had passed many happy indulgent hours, where she had made many friends, her feet almost faltered

as they bore her on to her new life of toil and extreme poverty. Her delicacy revolted at the thought of betraying her changed position to Mr. Cochrane; she knew that he was poor, and not in circumstances to marry; therefore she wished to wait until his foot pressed English ground, ere she confided to him her altered circumstances. He was not aware that she had a sister: during his absence he would not know that she was not still surrounded by every comfort.

When Eva approached the house where her sister lived, its miserable aspect did not strike her so painfully as of old, for she was to share it now, and was not to leave Martha in it, while she went back to a life of luxurious ease.—"My heart, my soul shall bend to this fate; I embrace it all!" she murmured, as she ascended the narrow stairway: she softly raised the latch of Martha's door, and stood looking into the room unperceived. Over a little coal stove an Indian cake was baking: a lowly table was set for one, but that one sat in a dejected attitude by the single low window: her two hands were clasped above her eyes, concealing the upper part of her face; but the sad drooping mouth had in its expression a pained resignation.

"Martha!"

The hands were unclasped, and the gentle face turned with a sudden, loving smile to the sweet-voiced girl who spoke. In a moment, the sisters sat together, Eva on a cricket at Martha's feet: she looked up so affectionately into the unbeautiful face: yet it was not a face that lacked either character or refinement.

"O, Martha, I have so much to tell you; I am so happy, so very happy; and yet part of my story is sad. You have heard me speak of Mr. Cochrane, do you remember?"

"Yes, yes!"

"He loves me, Martha!"

"What does your mother say? you said he was poor!" anxiously enquired the elder sister.

"He *is* poor; but he is going to England on business, and that makes me think he is getting into practice: he is a lawyer, you know, and he has talent and energy enough to succeed at length. I am poor, too."

"Not very," said Martha, with a smile; "you will never want as the child of Mr. and Mrs. Vale."

"I am not their child now! I have left them! I shall work with you!"

Martha looked bewildered, paling and reddening by turns. "You can't endure it: it will kill you. It is too selfish in me to let you: you are delicate: it will destroy your eyes to embroider as I have done."

"Where is the work?" asked Eva, cheerfully; "I shall try to get scholars in music, and other branches, and perhaps—oh think of it, Martha! how delightful it would be, if I could support both of us, and make a dear lady of you. But where is the work? I must work and talk both." Eva's countenance lighted up. "There is a kind of grand delight in my heart already, at the thought of 'toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,' with you who have made sacrifices for me all my life. Since I have known Mr. Cochrane, and since I have wondered whether he loved me,"—the fair girl lowered her eyes, and spoke with a subdued cadence,—"it has seemed so much more easy to resign the world, the splendor and style of the world, I mean: there is an added pleasure in my coming to you, Martha, because I think that *he* will approve it when he knows it." Eva strove with a sweet earnestness to conceal from Martha the great trial which it was to her to give up all the enjoyments which had become habitual to her: not the least of these was the adulation which had followed her since her entrance into society: she was beloved by very many gifted and accomplished friends, for whose companionship she would have no time now, even should they cleave to her in her poverty. As Eva talked, she looked over Martha's work-basket.

"There is nothing to do there," said her sister. "Eva, my darling, I believe God sent you to me in my last extremity. I have not worked for weeks: I cannot see to sew: every day I have hoped I could do a little, but a few stitches give me such a distracting pain through my eyes, that I am obliged to sit with folded hands. I have had such dreary, hopeless thoughts. I could see no way open before me, except to hire out as a servant: that I dreaded, not for the hard work, but I am afraid of people—afraid of unkind words—and then my pride revolted, I will own it, for I think our Lord never gave me the spirit of a servant, with all my timidity."

"And I never knew that you had come to this pitiful pass," said Eva. "My heart reproaches me that I did not come to you before. I don't deserve your forgiveness, Martha, dear."

"My forgiveness! what an expression, when you know that I have always most strenuously opposed your leaving Mrs. Vale! I consent now, my poor child, for I feel as if there is a clear Providence in it. When I rose this morning, I prayed for hours. I wrestled for submission to my fate. I besought the Lord that He would guide me in a plain path to-day—I was

going out to see what fortune I could meet with. When I looked up and saw you standing on the threshold, with that new, holy light on your countenance, I thought an angel had appeared to me, to console me; it lifted the burden from my heart to look upon your face. O, Eva! how I thank you!"

But Eva's generous heart was humiliated that she had not striven before to ameliorate Martha's lot; it occurred to her suddenly that she might have embroidered, as Martha did, and for her benefit, while she was living in her old home. Thus it ever happens that good resolves reveal past errors, when they are reduced to practice.

A long, slow year passed away to Eva; it was a swift, happy year to Martha, for the younger sister tried to bury in her own breast the many sore trials that galled her pride; often she rejoiced in a bright spiritual glory, and she realized that heaven grew nigh to her; but more frequently her whole delicate nature was harrassed by the "cares that sprang thorn-like 'neath her feet." Every day some small annoyance to which she was unaccustomed, beset her way; her sweet lips smiled, and hopeful words rose upon them, while a gnawing discontent preyed upon her: she battled with the tempting, irritating spirits that assaulted her hour by hour. When she looked into her heart she was dismayed at the feelings which her new experiences had called forth; but angels rejoiced in the combat, and waited to crown her victor. Mrs. Vale never forgave her ingratitude, and Mr. Vale did just as his wife did. The year had gone; the hour for Gilbert Cochrane's return had come, but a frail girl still looked out from her garret window, with a wildly-beating heart; the vessel in which he was to cross the sea had arrived, and the moments swelled to an eternal length as they travelled on. The little room looked far more bright and cheerful than of yore, for Eva's talent as a teacher had met with some reward, and she strove to beautify it a little, for Gilbert's return. Her exquisite taste left its impress where she dwelt. For days her whole being had been radiant with joy; amid other depressing thoughts she had often feared for the safe return of her lover; anxieties collect food from all sources; but all cares had lately been swept away. When the expected hour went by, dim shadows began to fall over the sun-lighted heart of Eva.

An uncertain step sounded in the passage—then an abrupt, strong rap. Eva turned towards the door, then sunk in a chair. Martha opened it wide, saw the stranger's look as it fell upon her young sister; then with her quiet tact, she glided into the hall, and sought a neighbor's room to pass an hour in.

Eva lay weeping on her lover's breast—passionately weeping, while his low, hushed words reached her ear—his kind hand stroked her hair. She had found the haven of hope at last: she could listen to the siren song of love—she could rely upon a strong arm and heart, and the universe could dower her no more richly now.

"What a change for you, my Eva! Why did you not tell me of this—this poverty? Where is the sister you have told me of? My beautiful, you were a peerless women in the old handsome home; you are a seraph here! God bless you, that you chose poverty and toil, for duty's sake, rather than the pleasures of life for a season. But you have grown thin and pale, my darling! yet I love the spiritual look that lingers about you now, better than the old brilliance; you have the look that angels wear."

"Shall I call Martha?" asked Eva, smiling.

"Let me tell you something first," replied Mr. Cochrane, detaining her. "Did you never think it strange that I did not tell you what my business to England was?"

"I supposed it was some prosy law business," returned the happy girl evasively.

"No! I learned a year ago that I was heir to an estate in England, but fearing it would prove as chimerical as other fortunes have often done, I did not mention it to you or any one, until the matter was settled. I have more than a competence now, Eva. I am no longer poor, and I can work at my profession because I love to labor, not because I must gain bread."

"O, I am so glad, so happy!" said Eva, fervently, while the tears rose hastily to her eyes. "How blessed it will be to give, after having learned how poverty chains one's hands."

"Now bring in *our sister!*" said Gilbert Cochrane.

Martha came hopefully, yet timidly; but a joyful light shone from her eyes as Mr. Cochrane rose and took her two hands, with his warm, beautiful smile. "I can never repay you, sister, for what you have done for my Eva—she tells me that you have always gone on before her in the shining road that leads to heaven; you have kept her 'unspotted from the world.'"

The gratified look in Eva's eyes, as this was said to the meek Martha, was worth a kingdom. Gilbert Cochrane never seemed so noble and glorious as he did at that moment, in his appreciation of her sister.

When the gray twilight descended, the three

were talking together; they were talking about the coming wedding. It was left to Martha to decide whether a week would be too soon to furnish a house; and to the look in Mr. Cochrane's eyes she laughingly responded "No."

So a week saw the lovely and beloved Eva within her own modest and beautiful home. When her gaze turned from her husband, as she entered it, her heart said, "It is Martha's home, too!"

MARRIED POLITENESS.

"Will you?" asked a pleasant voice.

And the husband answered, "Yes, my dear, with pleasure."

It was quietly but heartily said; the tone, the manner, the look, were perfectly natural and very affectionate. We thought, how pleasant that courteous reply! how gratifying must it be to the wife! Many husbands of ten years' experience are ready enough with the courtesies of politeness to the *young* ladies of their acquaintance, while they speak with abruptness to the wife, and do many rude little things without considering them worth an apology. The stranger, whom they may have seen but yesterday, is listened to with deference, and although the subject may not be of the pleasantest nature, with a ready smile; while the poor wife, if she relate a domestic grievance is snubbed, or listened to with ill-concealed impatience. O! how wrong this is—all wrong.

Does she urge some request—"oh! don't bother me!" cries her gracious lord and master. Does she ask for necessary funds for Susy's shoes or Tommy's hat—"seems to me you're always wanting money!" is the handsome retort. Is any little extra demanded by his masculine appetite—it is ordered, not requested. "Look here, I want you to do so and so—just see that it's done;" and off marches Mr. Boor, with a bow and a smile of gentlemanly polish and friendly sweetness for every casual acquaintance he may chance to recognize.

When we meet with such thoughtlessness and coarseness, our thoughts revert to the kind voice and gentle manner of the friend who said, "yes, my dear; with pleasure." "I beg your pardon," comes as readily to his lips when by any little awkwardness he has disconcerted her, as it would in the presence of the most fashionable stickler for etiquette. This is because he is a thorough gentleman, who thinks his wife in all things entitled to precedence. He loves her best—why should he hesitate to show it, not in sickly, maudlin attentions, but in preferring her pleasure and honoring her in public as well as private. He knows her worth, why should he hesitate to attest it? "And her husband he praised her," saith holy writ; not by fulsome adulation, not by pushing her charms into notice, but by speaking as opportunity occurs in a manly way, of her virtues. Though words may seem little things, and slight attentions almost valueless, yet depend upon it they keep the flame bright, especially if they are natural. The children grow up in a better moral atmosphere, and learn to respect their parents as they see them respecting each other. Many a boy takes advantage of a mother he loves, because he sees often the rudeness of his father. Insensibly he gathers to his bosom the same habits and the thoughts and feelings they engender, and in his turn becomes the petty tyrant. Only his mother—why should he thank her? father never does. Thus the home becomes the seat of disorder and unhappiness. Only for strangers are kind words expressed, and hypocrites go out from the hearth-stone fully prepared to render justice, benevolence and politeness to any one and every one but those who have the justest claims. Ah! give us the kind glance, the happy homestead—the smiling wife and courteous children of the friend who said so pleasantly, "yes, my dear, with pleasure."—*Ladies' Enterprise.*

THE THISTLE DOWN.

Lightly soars the thistle down,
Lightly doth it float:
Lightly seeds of care are sown;
Little do we note.
Lightly floats the thistle-down;
Far and wide it flies;
By the faintest zephyr blown
Through the shining skies.
Watch life's thistle bud and blow;
Oh! 'tis pleasant folly!
But when all our paths they sow—
Then comes melancholy.

THE CARPET AND ITS HISTORY.

The strict application of the word *carpet* does not render illegitimate the use of the term in a wider sense, in discoursing upon its original intendment. For here let it be premised, that the carpets and tapestry of ancient and mediæval times cannot be separately treated; the frequent transposition of the terms, and the variety of the purposes to which these articles were mutually applied, quite frustrating such a distinction.

Concerning the process among the ancients, we have no precise information, as indeed none is required, the weaving of carpets and tapestry being then a slow work of the needle, for the delicate hands of a Helen or Penelope. Of Helen it was somewhat sagaciously remarked, by Athenæus, that her fondness for this employment proved her temperance and modesty. King Lemuel, also, in setting forth the character of the virtuous woman says, "she maketh herself coverings of tapestry." It was an ancient Chaldean gossip that Sardanapalus, attired in female garb, was wont to card purple wool for his concubines, who wrought carpets for the royal household. In Greece, however, the carding of wool was the more usual occupation of slaves, as in the Statesman of Plato, where elaborate analyses of the arts of weaving and felting are given. According to Pliny, the thick flocky wool has been esteemed for the manufacture of carpets from the remotest ages. Early allusion to the shuttle is made, in connexion with this art, and it appears to have been used alternately in the same web with the embroidering needle, if not identical therewith. The several parts of the loom apparatus in active operation, are mentioned by Ovid:—"The web is tied around the beam; the sley separates the warp; the woof is inserted in the middle with sharp shuttles, which the fingers hurry along, and being drawn within the warp, the teeth notched in the moving sley strike it." But whether the poet be guilty of anachronism in placing a box-wood shuttle in the hands of Minerva, we cannot determine. From his description, she was challenged by Arachne, a Colophonian woman, who was very expert in weaving tapestry, to a trial of skill. Her father, Idmon, used to dye the soaking wool in Phocœan purple, and her son, Closter, was the accredited inventor of the spindle. Such was the magnificence of her embroideries, and so graceful her mode of working, that the nymphs hovered around her loom to admire. Minerva accepted the challenge, but the result yielded a doubtful victory, whereat the goddess was duly incensed, and, a scuffle ensuing, Arachne hanged herself and was transformed into a spider. The story of Minerva's vengeance is thus recorded:—

> "A great fly shuttle in her hand she took,
> And more than once, Arachne's forehead struck;
> The unhappy maid, impatient of the wrong,
> Her injured person from the breast beam hung."

We find the carpets of the ancients to have been for the most part beautifully colored and inwrought with various figures. The carpets of Babylon were particularly extravagant, having representations of animals, both natural and fabulous, embroidered on them. Egypt emblazoned her rugs with hieroglyphs and portraits of her kings, and her tapestries were bespangled with the constellations of heaven, and the twelve signs of the Zodiac. Plautus notices the Alexandrine tapestries to have been figured over with beasts and shells. Sophron, too, speaks of carpets embroidered with figures of birds as of great value; and it was in Gaul they were first made with chequers or tartans. Entire histories, and stories from mythology, were woven in carpets. Homer discovers Helen herself weaving the history of the Trojan wars. Catullus makes mention of carpets used to decorate the wedding feast of Peleus, representing, with wondrous art, the story of Theseus and Ariadne.

The higher classes of Rome seem to have been considerable patrons of the carpet workers of that period.

Purple carpets were greatly sought after by the wealthy patricians of Rome. Metullus Scipio, in the accusation which he brought against Cato, stated that, even in his time, Babylonian covers for couches were selling for 800,000 sesterces (or £4,600), and these, in the time of the Emperor Nero, had risen to four millions (or £23,000). Lollia Paulina, the great beauty of Rome, in the time of Caligula, rendered herself notorious by the enormous prices given for her Babylonian carpets and coverlets.

Coming down to more recent times, we are told that the Florentines carried on a large import trade with England; so that with the commencement of the fifteenth century, that country received regular supplies of Eastern merchandise. For, although carpets were introduced as early as the Crusades, they were not yet articles of English commerce. Even in the

sixteenth century we meet with few, the Norman practice of spreading rushes on the floor being generally prevalent. Perlin, a French physician, who visited England in the reign of Edward VI, relates of the London tavern-keepers, that "they strew hay over the floor and place pillows and tapestries underneath their travellers." And Laevinius Lemnius about the same time remarks, "the pavements are sprinkled upon, and floors cooled with springing water and then strewed with sedge, and the parlors trimmed up with greene boughes, fresh herbes and vyne leaves—which things no nation do more decently, more trymmely nor more sightly than they do in England; and besyde this, the neate cleanliness, the pleasaunte and delightful furniture in every point of household, wonderfully rejoiced mee." We get a very different account of the same custom in a letter of Erasmus to Franciscus, physician to Cardinal Wolsey, where he ascribes the plague and sweating sickness, then prevalent in England, to the filth and slovenliness of this usage. "The floors," he writes, "are commonly of clay strewed with rushes, under which lies unmolested a putrid mixture, of beer, stinking fragments of food, and all sorts of nastiness." In connexion with this, it may not be uninteresting to quote a further illustration from an incident occurring when Erasmus was at the dinner table of Sir Thomas More:—"A while after," narrates his daughter Margaret, "Gonellus asked leave to see Erasmus' signet ring, which he handed down to him. In passing it back, William, who was occupied in carving a crane, handed it soe negligentlie that it felle to the ground. I never saw such a face as Erasmus made when 'twas picked from the rushes! And yet ours are renewed almost daylie, which manie think over nice. He took it gingerlie in his fair womanlike hands, and washed and wiped it before he put it on, which escaped not my step-mother's displeased notice."

The first tapestry manufactory in France, of which we have an authentic record, was that established by an edict of the Castle of Paris, 1295. Henry IV also brought weavers from Flanders to carry on this manufacture in Paris. The towns of Poictiers and Arras, in the 13th century, likewise contained large manufactories, but these are now no more, and the oldest still in existence is the national manufactory of Gobelin. Louis XIV purchased the building then known as *la follie Gobelin*, for the purpose of its establishment. It was here that the Brothers Gobelin, descendants of the Secretary to the Pope Pius II. exercised their craft of dyeing, a knowledge of which they were said to have borrowed from the evil one. Three other manufactories arose shortly afterwards; one at Aubusson, another at Felletin, and a third at Beauvois. To this day they continue their ingenious but arduous work, which, partly owing to the low price of labor, but mainly in consequence of Government encouragement, is no inconsiderable manufacture. Efforts towards its introduction on a similar extensive scale into England have been so many failures, attributable to various causes. King James I established a manufactory at Mortlake, in Surrey, under the superintendence of Sir Francis Crane. It was here that King Charles II afterwards caused Raphael's cartoons to be executed in tapestry.

Carpets on the principle of those of Persia and Turkey, with a tufted pile, are now commonly made in Europe. In France they have attained considerable excellence under the style of Savounerie. Originally confined to Paris, they are now manufactured in Amiens, Turcoing, Nismes and other places. England has also produced some of the best specimens. The Society of Arts was among the first to encourage the introduction of this manufacture. Very shortly after its institution, it offered premiums for the best imitation Turkey carpets, and thus directed considerable attention to the matter. The Duke of Cumberland, about the same time, lent his patronage to a manufactory of such carpets, and in the year 1775 Mr. Whitty introduced the manufacture into Axminster, whence the fabric derives its name. The Axminster carpet is now a matter of history, as it ceased to be fabricated there several years ago. At Wilton, however, the Messrs. Blackmore well sustain the character of this manufacture, the superiority of their productions entitling them to the highest credit. Mr. Henry Blackmore has it, that Wilton claims the first introduction of carpet weaving into England. It seems that one of the Earls of Pembroke, desirous of improving the condition of a small class of weavers in Wilton, induced a skillful French carpet weaver, named Anthony Daffony, to be smuggled over from France in a sugar-cask, for the purpose of communicating a knowledge of his handicraft, which he did. Within the last fifty years we observe a very great advance in the fabrication of the Anglo-Persian carpets; nor must we omit commendably to notice Scoto-Persian carpets of Kilmarnock and Edinburgh. This is a national manufacture of no small amount, although the introduction of other fabrics has operated

against a more extended use, and limited the product to a smaller, and perhaps a more select demand.

The three-ply carpet explains its own condition; it is simply different from the ingrain by being composed of three distinct webs, instead of two, and having the advantage of a third solid color in the figures. To Mr. Thomas Morton, of Kilmarnock, we owe the invention of this triple carpet fabric. This ingenious mechanist, among the many improvements, also introduced the revolving barrel studded with pins, to act instead of the drawboy, in regulating the pattern. Before the introduction of the Jacquard apparatus, this proved very serviceable, but it is now thrown aside. The Venetian and Dutch carpetings, as they are called are of a simple character, and of less capacity for design. The Venetian consists mainly of a heavy weft-shoot, and is a weighty but soft material. In small diced patterns alone does it look well. The Dutch, originally a cow-hair texture, is now made of the lower qualities of wool; it is also a single web, and admits of nothing beyond stripes and chequers in its design. We need not observe that these fabrics have little connexion with the places whence they derive their name.

In treating of the Brussels carpet we revert to the capital of Belgium to find little trace of such manufacture there, although its name corresponds to the place of its origin. It is, perhaps, a fabric more thoroughly English in its present manufacture than of any other country. About the year 1735, we find the town of Kidderminster, hitherto famous for broadcloth, becoming the nursery of the English Brussels carpet. The progress of the manufacture in that town has been slow but steady, and after the lapse of a hundred years, we find it in 1838 containing about 1765 Brussels hand-looms, besides a smaller proportion of ingrains and common qualities, giving employment to upwards of 4000 hands. That was eighteen years ago, and since then the introduction of power-looms has caused many hand-frames to cease, and matters being thus in a transition state, there is a difficulty in fairly computing statistics. A manufacturer may have so many hundred looms, a considerable portion of which may be held in abeyance while he is introducing power. In 1851, there were upwards of 2000 Brussels hand-looms in Kidderminster, besides many in Halifax, Durham, Kilmarnock, and districts in the north of England, and the south of Scotland.

One of the most remarkable improvements in carpet manufacture, was the invention of Mr. Richard Whytock, of Edinburg, by which the woollen threads are *dyed before weaving*, with such exactness and nicety, that when woven each spot and thread of every individual thread falls into its appropriate place in the pattern, producing the perfect design, without the complicated and cumbrous arrangement of bobbins, and the constant intervention of the weavers' fingers. This is a most surprising invention, and the manner in which it is carried out is equally wonderful. The process has been fully described by Hugh Miller, the geologist.

LIGHT BEYOND.

And God said, "Let there be Light."

And there *is* light—how dark so e'er the gloom
That folds our spirits in their lonely way;
Though earth itself seem but one gorgeous tomb,
And ourselves buried in the lava-clay,—

And longings press to burst these cerements,
And test the truthfulness of darling dreams;
Longings so deep we bide the tenements,
In an impatience that but calmness seems,—

Still there *is* light—light in the morning prime,
Light in the noonday, gleaming through the shrouds—
Light—promised planet-light, at evening time,—
Rich, wondrous star-light, veiled by valley clouds.

And when our spirits healthfulness resume—
When world-born troubles vanish, as the mist
That wraps earth-beauty in condensed gloom,
Flies from the moist cheek which the sun hath kissed—

Then, then, the holy, peaceful light we feel,
Soft as the moon's, o'er infancy's repose,
Or glowing in such luscious rays as thrill
From the unclosing vials of the rose.

We feel the promises, by Faith distilled,
Given to strengthen in this life-career,
In all their heavenly majesty fulfilled,
Or calmly leading on to higher cheer. A. P. C.

SOUTHERN PICTURES.—No. II.

BY MRS. M. S. WHITAKER.

NAT, THE FERRYMAN.

It was evening. Mildly rose the pale majestic moon, in all her lustre. Mournful and soft was the sighing of the blast amid rushing pine boughs. Its low moan was like the ripple of ocean billows, when wild music floats ever the foaming sea wave. The shadows of the trees trembled as they fell on the moon-silvered earth. The stars were bright in heaven. The thin white cloud, on high, was spread out with its gossamer texture and rainbow-delicacy. The glassy lake was hushed to deep repose, while its burnished face reflected the queen of the silver bow, in all her glory, and the eternal lights of lesser magnitude which sparkled and "glinted" beside her. All was wrapped in liquid grandeur. All was silent, save the lone songster on her wind-shaken spray, whose gleesome voice stirred the dull ear of terror-darkened night.

The raven spread his black wing and rejoiced. The owl hooted loudly from his dreary dwelling, gray and solitary amid the forest. The nocturnal fox went forth to his prey, and met no check save when the gaunt wolf, grim and bony, growled at his passing shadow. The fell rattlesnake wound his deathful coils around the silver-shafted trunk of the majestic sycamore, and hissed with venom amidst the shades. Heavy, in its dull flight, the unwieldy bat whirled in slow circles, and clung to the lofty bough of the mournful cypress tree. A night-hawk now and then settled in tall grass, and as he touched the ground, uttered that dismal croak, so peculiar and harsh that it cannot be mistaken. Myriads of fire-flies dashed about the redundant undergrowth, and seemed a race of earth-born stars. Brightly burned the glow-worm's lamp underneath, and the locust's cry resounded from aged oak and kingly pine. White waved the laurel blossom, with its vast leaves and rich perfume. Jasmines hung their bell-shaped and thronging flowers of golden hue and delicate fragrance on loop and arch, formed by the parent vine in its graceful and fantastic wandering from sassafras to beech, and from cedar to walnut tree. Honeysuckle and indigo, wild rose and hemlock, elder and passion flower, mingled in wild luxuriance, while the fan-like palmetto, spicy sweet briar, balmy heart leaf, and luscious shrub, flourished with a luxuriance unattained by hot-house nurture, and seen only in a forest growth, by the side of some inland water, where, fostered by the sun they love, and unheeded by the eye of man, they attain the full perfection designed by nature; but never attained by art. Here and there a mighty trunk lay stretched on the ground, half denuded of bark, half imbedded in mud, and the quick-eyed lizard and noxious scorpion glided through its crevices. The earth was here sedgy, and there, where more exposed to the action of the sun, hard and of rocky firmness. A deep dull moan near, and a sparkle of rolling waves indicated the presence of the mighty waters, as with restless energy it bounded through the forest, swept the hill into a valley, broadened and deepened, till joining its sister stream the Congaree, they swept away to the ocean their multitudinous waters, and were lost in the wide Atlantic.

Banks, sometimes precipitous, cutting sheer down into the water; sometimes sloping gently, and green with velvet verdure; sometimes dressed in shrubbery a few feet high; anon, covered with glittering sand and pebbles; now overhung by willows, whose long drooping foliage floated on the passing wave, and now rendered majestic by giant pines, which stood proudly like veteran warriors, and shook their green banners in the sky.

There was a hut by the river side, built of pine logs. A fire burned clearly before the door, and an old man sat beside it on a bench, smoking his pipe, and regulating the heat, while a number of game were being baked, and a squirrel was slowly being roasted before the flame. Old Nat, the ferryman, had long been a denizen of the river swamp, and was fully identified with the place, as much so as the flat fastened to a stump from his dwelling, or the batteau, which floated idly on the lake at a short distance. Nat was an old man, though he looked hale and cheerful. His countenance was marked, and his manner, from frequent intercourse with travellers, was, for one of his class, polite. There was a peculiarity in his speech which, while it amused those who had occasion to cross the river frequently, (and were thus thrown often in his company,) was itself of infinite service to Nat, as he adopted

it at all times when indisposed to give a direct reply. He could double, and mystify, and assume a vacant look, and talk at random, when asked a question he did not choose to answer; till the questioner, weary of his shifts, would rather repress his curiosity than follow him through his sinuosities of language. He would misapply terms so egregiously, and diverge so widely from the subject in hand, by digressions and vague speculations, that he might have been termed the African Carlyle. Yet he was shrewd, observing, and possessed as much good sense as is compatible with ignorance and seclusion from the world. His world was the swamp, his education the management of his flat. The river was all in all to him. Its freshets, his landmarks of time. He was skilled in the lore of the swamp, and his sagacity, as far as that was concerned, none could rival.

But Nat, as we have said, was sitting alone, smoking his pipe, and superintending his cooking, when another personage appeared slowly emerging from the winding carriage road, leading through the forest. This man was Dembo, the cow-herd, his chosen friend and gossip, from whom the ferryman gained much intelligence, and whose communications, while they amused and interested old Nat, gave him also full scope for the exercise of his moralizing powers. Dembo would narrate; Nat would comment on such narrations. One loved to tell the news, the other to digest it, and infer the probable consequences of events newly transpired.

"Uncle Nat, aint you lonesome a-livin by yourself in dis here swamp always, wid de owls a screechin an' de aligators a cryin so dismal like, forebber?"

"No, I aint, Dembo; what for is I agoin to be dat, when moschetoes is windin dere fine soundin horns in my ears, an' de big frogs a singin psalms all night? 'aint I got lullin music from de water here? an' as for de alligators, minks, squirrels, and oder animils, why I is used to dem, dat is all. I is a sort a water creeter myself, 'most kin to de fat lollin terrapins, what set so lazy in de mire; and I ken eat a roasted snake, once I get his head off, jist as well as you ken a chicken, man; an' all dis comes by use, only use."

Nat's conversation was here interrupted by a resounding whoop from the opposite side of the river.

"Dere!" cried he, starting up, and preparing to unmoor his boat, "dere! De river is awful high, and I will hab a long ferry to-night. Come, Dembo, len' a hand, and help me put dese people over."

"Berry well."

Nat, accompanied by his friend, slowly unwound a prodigious chain of heavily linked iron. The released boat floated leisurely away on the broad expanse, with easy motion, like the waterfowl with folded wings, gracefully breasting the billows. Nat resumed the conversation.

"I tell you what, Dembo, dis crossin aint good to-night. I reckon on a powerful fresh here soon. Who is dat on de white horse a standin by himself yonder?"

"Mass' George Ashland, Nat. Can't you tell him, eber so far, by de droopin of his head, and de kind a-weary look he's got eber since our Miss Emily come to de dreadful eend what she did? And mind, Nat, I does n't believe he be so right here" (touching his head). "Sartain, he do like to ride in wild like places, and he do stand and look, tell his eyes shines like a rattlesnake, and seems to be burnin wid de grief widin. All de windins of dis here river, I reckon he ken tell, for hereabouts he do seem to travel most. I have met him often when de cattle was bein brought home, and he would be talkin to himself, never mindin me. It's like to break his heart, Nat, and I aint no way 'stonished, for shure she was de sweetest nonny lady alive. I seed him jist dis way, one day last week, and as I has knowed Mass' George since he was a boy, I make bold to speak up to him. Massa, says I, Farrer took her!—Pray to him, massa; but he giv me no answer, and sich a look, it was n't Mass' George's look any more."

By this time, Nat, with a long pole and iron grapple, was so directing the course of the flat, that, obeying his will, it neared the landing place, and was soon firmly anchored to the shelving shore; and there, awaiting his arrival, was a heavy wagon, laden with a pyramid of cotton bales and drawn by a team of six mules; a cart and horse; a carriage and the single horseman, whom Dembo had rightly judged to be George Ashland. Nat, on surveying the company protested against their all being conveyed over at once, to which the wagoner, who was a backwoodsman, responded,

"I aint a goin to give way to no carriage, seein' as how I was here first on the ground, and my business can't wait."

The carriage and cart were already on the flat, and George Ashland, without waiting, or concerning himself about the matter, had entered the boat the instant it landed, and ridden to its extremity, where he remained absorbed in thought, and heedless of all

arrangements, which were generally left to the judgment of Nat, whose long experience and cautious character were well known In this case, however, he was overborne by the pertinacity and threats of the wagoner, who almost forcibly drove his vehicle into the frail flat. Nat, assisted by Dembo, pushed away into the current, and it soon became obvious that the situation of the whole party was perilous, one extremity of the boat being deeply depressed in the water. Its motion was unsteady, and Nat, in evident alarm, announced the fact, with all the point and force characterizing the negro dialect:

"Dis is all your doin', massa wagoner. Take de 'sponsibility on yourself. Dose of us what can't swim had better look out for dare life, and all 'cause you wouldn't wait. You is like to pay well for your blusterin' words. Farrer, how de boat do fill!"

The danger was by this time extreme, and it affected those exposed to it very differently. A lady in the carriage fainted; the wagoner growled; the cartman prayed, and Dembo had a severe ague from the violence of his alarm. George Ashland was the only person present who bore himself calmly and with presence of mind; so true is it, that, when smarting under great calamities, we are rendered almost heedless of present danger, and callous to minor misfortunes. For him, the powerful life-tie was severed, which had so strongly bound him to earth with its golden cords; the sunlight had gone out from the day of his existence; the tree of hope bore for him no fruit; the freshness of the heart had departed; his youth was withered; he was emphatically a lonely man; and, yet, how noble he looked in his cold abstraction—a very Antinous for beauty, with that strange power of eye, to which Dembo had alluded, and a perfection of form, commanding in youthful grace. He looked forth on the dark and eddying waters, and his soul was with the past—those halcyon days when the light *her* smile imparted, was a beacon to hope, a gladness too perfect, it may be, for earth.

"We is all lost if de boat aint lightened!"

It was Nat's authoritative voice.

"Out wid de cart! de wagon can't move. Trow de ladin' ober first. Len' a hand, Dembo, and don't stan' shakin' dere like a willow switch in de wind. Heave out! you, what's done dis mischief, go ahead, Mr. Wagoner."

George Ashland's attention was at last arrested. He saw, at a glance, the position of affairs. His generous resolution was at once taken. He would disencumber the flat of his own and his horse's weight, and endeavor to swim ashore. True, he might fail in his attempt; but he thus gave the helpless a better chance of life. He spurred his steed to the uttermost verge of the boat. Reluctantly the obedient animal advanced, and finally, stood poised on his hind feet, while his gallant rider sat firmly, and encouraged him to commit himself to the waves. Back he swayed; his mane stood erect; his eye rolled in mortal alarm; he shuddered, bent forward, again back, and uttering a shriek of fearful intelligence, sprang into the yielding and moon-silvered waters. Strongly he breasted the billows; he seemed, by a wonderful instinct, to comprehend the struggle for life in which he was engaged, and bravely did he combat the o'ermastering current. He neared the shore—the victory was almost won,—but alas! here the banks were perpendicular, and every attempt at obtaining a footing was baffled. He reached forward, and with prodigious exertions planted his fore feet in the soft clayey soil of the precipitous ascent. Vain effort! Again was he borne away by the merciless stream. His strength was well nigh exhausted, and his rider seeing hope almost at an end, abandoned him to his fate, and, seizing on a long trail of intertwined branches and vines, endeavored to raise himself by climbing the bank with the aid of this fragile support. He succeeded for a time, but his weight was more than it could sustain. Then came a heavy plunge, a slight moan, and all was over! Steed and rider were lost to sight, and made a part of the secrets of the watery world! Pleasantly sang the wave in its accustomed strain, and there was no token to mark the burial-place of the high-born and accomplished George Ashland.

Again, the fire burned brightly before old Nat's hut; again his gossip, Dembo, bore him company, when the following dialogue took place:

"I has intermined, in my own mind, Nat, nebber while Farrer gib me life, to wenture ober dis river. De bare sight of de flat makes me feel sort a awsome, and all de sins I has committed was back in my mind, dat dismal night Mass' George was drowned here. Him and his white horse, I tink I see them now. All de trouble we had to reach the shore, dat night is shaken me wonderful. I tell you what, Nat, dare be strange tings in dis world, for all dey aint to be spoke always. Now what I goin' to tell you, is true. De same night, which we aint apt to forget, Aunt Nancy, and you know she is

a good christian, and a 'oman what speaks truth. Well, Aunt Nancy, I say, four miles from dis place, was settin in de moonlight before de prayers' house, (house in which negroes assemble for evening worship,) and she saw Mass' George ridin through de woods towards 'our house' (master's residence) on de same grey he always do ride. 'Good ebening, Massa,' says she; but he neber answered her a word. Now does you hear dis, Nat? Tell me what you tink?"

"What ken I tink, Dembo? If I see something, I see it; if I hear something, I hear it—seein is believin, and hearin, why hearin is jist what you tell me. I has heard strange things afore now; maybe I has seen dem too; maybe I has not. It aint good for a lone man, like me, to be a meditatin on de like of dat. I ken say dis, Dembo; for many long years I has been ferryman here, and in all de course of my hexperience, de rain and storm of dis season has n't been seed. Massa Brown's great corn fields is clean destroyed."

"Yes," rejoined Dembo, preparing to depart. "I see. De lakes is full too, and I must be a goin."

The fears of Nat were well founded. Frequent rains had swollen the river to twice its usual size, and there was no prospect of settled weather. But the old man did not abandon his post.

At three o'clock the next day, a fearful stillness pervaded the atmosphere. Not a leaf stirred. The heat was intense, and the silence of the swamp was only broken by hosts of frogs crying in concert, and the portentous roll of turbid waters. The storm-god had mounted his cloudy car, in an instant, and brandished his sword of lightning—the loud-voiced thunder rattled through the o'erarching sky. With a mighty dashing of angry and foam-capt waves, the roused river rushed on in fury, bearing on its heaving surface, huge trees of forest growth, plants and shrubs of every kind, dead or struggling animals, fragments of houses, and, in short, any and everything within reach of its wide wasting waters. Rain descending like a deluge, and amidst the strife of elements, how apparent was His power in whose hand are the tempests and the swift-winged winds!

Nat was alone in his hut; but now the river surrounded it. There was no spot of dry land to be seen. The old man came forth, and, on surveying the scene, perceived that he must, at once, abandon his domicile, and seek safety elsewhere. But where was it too be sought? He had indeed delayed too long. The nearest bateau, rocking on the advancing water, he could not reach; the current was overpowering. But one course remained—a tall tree grew near, which, like a battled tower, defied the storm and stood unmoved, though its branches were tossed about in wild confusion, and its green leaves like birds, flew away on the wind.

To this tree he repaired, after thrusting several large roasted yams, prepared for his evening meal, into his wide pockets; and climbing it with practised agility, seated himself on a strong branch at the junction with the trunk. What were his feelings, elevated to this height, in full view of the horrors by which he was environed, and in imminent peril, may well be imagined.

"Sir," said Dembo, bowing respectfully, and addressing his master, "will you hab de goodness to let one of de boys go wid me, and see after Nat? We has been old friends, and I knows of none dat will tink of him, wedder he be alive or dead."

"Certainly, Dembo, take Josh,—or, stay, Jacob is the better boatman—and do all you can for your friend. Yet I much fear the result of your efforts."

Dembo and Jacob forthwith proceeded to launch their boat, and, as the water was now subsiding and quite calm, they ere long rowed to the place of Nat's abode. The house was gone and Dembo, on observing this, set up a lamentation saying:

"Oh, Jacob! look yonder, and where is Nat? Dat man has been kind to me! and I will say, he aint left his equil behind him, for all he neber would give a strait answer and was crookid in his discourse. He was plain enough in his deeds, and dey was good. Oh, Nat! my broder, where is you?"

"Here!" replied a stentorian voice from the tree above, "here, and don't be a-cryin for me afore I is gone in airnest. Row up this way and take me down, for I is cramped wid long settin, and dying for sleep and wid hunger."

It was a pleasant sight to behold these old Africans, distinguished by that fidelity peculiar to their race, grasping each other's hands, and acknowledging the Providence, which had so mercifully preserved the one and directed the other to his rescue.

It was pleasant, too, and amusing to witness the consequential and dignified airs with which Dembo introduced to his master our hero, Nat:

"Dere, Massa," said he, "dere is de man, what we found a-settin in a tree, jist like a squirrel, and what would a-died if me and you,

massa, hadn't helped him in his trouble. But Nat, my man, I have one word to say to you, and dat is, don't speak 'quivocal in your discourse any more; taint good. Mind what aunt Nancy says; says she, 'Nat be an old man now, and dem evil ways of smoderin' de truth is grow'd strong on him.' Maybe Farrer sent him warnin', de tree days he sat perched like a eagle in de swamp, to cogitate on de sin of deceivin' words; maybe he will reflec, and leave off dis ting."

It was observed, after the time specified, that Nat did slowly mend his disingenuous language, and whenever afterwards resorting to like shifts in the presence of Dembo, he was openly told,

"Mind dat warnin' in de swamp, Nat, and tell de truth."

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

BY J. H. WALTON.

PRAY thee, Dugald, *love me*,
For there is no other home,
Where I could nestle, or could rest,
But in thy arms, my own!
And in these days of heavy toil,
When I so pine to see—
So watch for, long for, looks of love,
And tender tones from thee;
O, Dugald, let the looks be kind,
And gentle be the tone,
That fall on me, for these without,
My days are very lone.

Couldst thou but know how easier far
The tasks by duty set,
Cheered on by watchful looks of thine,
Thou sure wouldst not forget.
The weary foot, the aching head,
Not half so heartless move,
Because 'tis all for *thee* they spring,
Because they toil for love.
But when no look nor word betrays
The *presence* of that love,
What wonder that they weary out,
And heavier live, and move!

The nestling baby by my side,
In all its helplessness,
Receives *for thee* full many a clasp
And many a fond caress;
But half I fear, sometimes, my child
Will garner all my heart,
Till both shall love an idol's curse,
And *all* be rent apart.

O, love me, Dugald, love me,
As I love the precious babe,
In helplessness, in trustfulness,
Upon thy bosom laid.
Let me love thy daily cheering,
Daily, hourly looks of love,
And then, how gladly, tirelessly
My daily tasks will move!

LIVE TO DO GOOD.

BY E. JESSUP EAMES.

LIVE near to Heaven! if thou thyself wouldst bring
One single soul, to that sublimer life
Which like a spark electric yet will cling
Even unto Spirits with gross evil rife!—
For, ever at our Being's inmost shrine,
Calm, holy, steadfast, patient, pure, divine—
Informed with all sweet sympathies for thee,
In tenderest Pity sits thy good Birth Angel
His still small voice whispers the pure Evangel
Of Love, and Peace, and white-wing'd Charity—
Therefore, O liberal Soul—whom God has given
The sacred seal of His Divinity,
Which elevates man's Thoughts, from Earth to Heaven,
By an Immortal rare affinity!
Still seek thou in the *Spirit* of the *Human*
The seal of that Divine hand to discover—
The darkness of the Soul's light to illumine—
Shedding the balm of Peace its bruises over!
And ever to the world-stain'd outcast offer
The consolations of a better Being;
Still comfort *all* unfortunates, who suffer,
While in thy *mission*, all great *Life Truths* seeing.

THE WHITE SPARROW.

"Sleep, he is the worst of thieves:
He steals the half of life."

No more common complaint is to be heard now-a-days, from the lips of housewives, than that of the laziness and unthrifty habits of domestic servants. Mothers and grandmothers are often wont to tell the young housekeeper that matters were otherwise in *their* days: and it has sometimes occurred to us, whether the fault may not lie as much in the degenerate habits of the masters and mistresses of the present generation, as from any fault peculiar to their dependants Were the lady of the house more frequently to rise at five or six in the morning, as in the "good old days of lang syne," perchance she would not so often have to complain that rooms were carelessly swept, that work was left undone, or fires lighted too late.

A useful hint on this subject may, we think, be gathered from a proverbial tale, related by a favorite German writer, and entitled—

"He who would thrive
Must the white sparrow see!"

The meaning of this proverb is not at first sight so apparent as that of some other which circulate amongst us, such as "Early habits make the man," or "Honesty is the best policy," &c.; but the moral signification it is intended to convey is not the less true and important. I will, therefore, here relate the story connected with its origin, even as I received it myself from the lips of an old friend.

There was a certain farmer, with whom everything seemed to grow worse from year to year. His cattle died one by one—the product of his land was not half what it ought to be—in fact, all his property was, to use a familiar expression, "going to the dogs." Scarcely a week passed by that either the tax-gatherer or the pawnbroker did not come to his window, and, addressing him with a courteous bow, say, "I am really very sorry, Herr Ruckwarts, to put you to inconvenience, but I am compelled to do my duty." The old friends of Herr Ruckwarts also tried their best to do *their* duty by him—they advised, they entreated and they helped him, but all in vain; and one after another gave him up in despair, declaring with a sigh that "as for poor Ruckwarts, there was no use of trying to help him,—he was *past* being helped."

He had one friend, however, whose heart was in the right place, and who was not only a good man, but a very prudent and clear-sighted man. This friend thought he would not give Herr Ruckwarts up altogether, without making one more attempt to save him; so one day, as they were drinking their glass of beer together, he led the conversation, as though accidentally, to the subject of sparrows, related many anecdotes of these birds, and observed how much they had multiplied of late, and how very cunning and voracious they had become.

Herr Ruckwarts shook his head gravely in answer to this observation, and said: "They were indeed most destructive creatures—for his part, he had not the least doubt that it was entirely owing to them his harvest had been of late years so very unproductive."

To this conjecture, the good friend made no rejoinder; but after a moment's pause he continued the conversation by inquiring: "Neighbor, have you ever seen a white sparrow?"

"No," replied Ruckwarts, "the sparrows which alight in my fields are all quite grey."

"That is very probable," rejoined his friend, "the habits of the white sparrow are peculiar to itself. Only one comes into the world every year, and being so different from its fellows the other sparrows take a dislike to it, and peck at it when it appears amongst them. For this reason it seeks its food early in the morning, before the rest of the feathered tribe are astir, and then goes back to its nest for the rest of the day."

"That is very strange!" exclaimed Ruckwarts. "I must really try and get a sight at that sparrow, and if possible I will catch it too."

On the morning which followed this conversation, the farmer rose with the sun, and sallied forth into his fields; he walked around his farm—searched his farm-yard in every corner, examined the roofs of his garners, and the trees of his orchard, to see whether he could discover any traces of the wonderful white sparrow. But the white sparrow, to the great disappointment of the farmer, would not show itself or stir from its imaginary nest. What vexed the farmer, however, still more was, that although the sun stood high in the heavens by the time he had completed his rounds, not one of the farm-hands were astir—they, too, seemed resolved not to leave their nests. Meanwhile, the cattle in their stalls were bellowing with hunger, and not a soul was near to give them their fodder.

Herr Ruckwarts was reflecting on the disadvantages of this state of things, when suddenly

he perceived a lad coming out of the house, carrying a sack of wheat on his shoulders. He seemed to be in great haste to get out of the precincts of the farm; Herr Ruckwarts soon perceived that his steps were not bent towards the mill, but towards the public-house, where Casper had unhappily a long score to pay. He hastened after the astonished youth, who believed his master to be still in the enjoyment of his morning nap, and quickly relieved him of his burden.

The farmer next bent his steps to the cow-house, and peeping in to see whether the white sparrow had perchance taken refuge there, he discovered to his dismay that the milkmaid was handing a liberal portion of milk through the window to her neighbor, to mix with her morning cup of coffee.

"A pretty sort of housekeeping this is!" thought the farmer to himself, as he hastened to his wife's apartment and roused her from her slumbers. "As sure as my name is Ruckwarts!" he exclaimed in a somewhat angry tone, "there must be an end of these lazy habits: everything is going wrong for the want of some one to look after them! So far as *I* am concerned, at all events, I will rise every day at the same hour I rose this morning, and then I shall soon get my farm cleared of those who do not intend to do their duty properly. Besides, who knows but some fine morning or other I may succeed in catching a white sparrow!"

Days and weeks passed on. The farmer adhered to his resolution; but he soon forgot the white sparrow, and only looked after his cattle and his corn-fields. Soon everything around him wore a flourishing aspect, and men began to observe that "Herr Ruckwarts (Backwards) now well deserved to be called Herr Vorwarts (Forwards)." In due course of time, his old friend again came to spend the day with him, and inquired in a humorous tone, "Well, my good fellow, how are you getting on now? Have you succeeded in catching a glimpse of the white sparrow?"

The farmer only replied to this question by a smile; and then, holding out his hand to his old friend, he said "God bless you, Herder! you have saved me and my family from ruin."

Often, in after years, when Herr Ruckwarts was a prosperous man, respected by his neighbors, and beloved by his well-ordered household, he was wont to relate this history of his early life; and thus by degrees the saying passed into a proverb, "He who would thrive must see the white sparrow."

HERE—AND THERE.

BY E. R.

As Time's golden sands go by—
And how swiftly do they fly!
Ever nearer, and more near,
All life's duties, grave, appear!
How they rise, and re-appear,
Here—e'en here!

And the soul that duly plies,
Striving but to grow more wise,
That it may have wealth so dear
For a seeking brother near,
Shall a guerdon tower uprear,
Here—e'en here!

But the guerdon ne'er is sought!
Purest treasure is not bought:
Hard the toil, and close the care,
Then diffused like Heaven's air;
Such the price of entrance fair—
To the glory—There.

Thus doth God's own kingdom come;
Not with roll and beat of drum;
Not with bustling, babel-air—
Not with rust of sluggard fare;
But with calm and earnest care,
All shall enter—There.

VIRTUE.

SWEET day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave;
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
Thy music shows ye have your closes;
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

George Herbert, 1625.

LOOK OUT!

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER I.

"We say to ourselves '*Might have been.*' As if all eternity were not TO BE!"

"NOTHIN'."

"What now? You don't mean to say you ain't doin' nothin' at all?" And Seth Robbins laid down the sprig of willow from which he was stripping the bark, and looked up at me, with his small, sharp, blue eyes, set under his shaggy eyebrows, as though my face must corroborate my statement before he received it.

"Yes, I do, Seth, and aunt Keziah said, 'if I would tie up all the hop vines nice this mornin', she'd let me have all the rest o' the day till milkin' time to myself.' So I'm goin' off into the woods and over to Grape Falls."

"You don't say now? I reckon that's real nice. How old are you, though?"

"Fifteen."

"Fifteen!" Seth laid down the last twig he had peeled, and looking up once more, surveyed me leisurely from head to foot. "Well, I must say you're about the smallest chance of a fifteen year old girl I ever set my two eyes on. Why, you wouldn't pass for more than twelve, anyhow. You must pick up faster than this, for you're e'en a-most a woman."

"I know it, Seth. Aunt Keziah says she shall put me to the cheese pressin' before long."

"Not quite stout enough for that yet," said Seth, returning to his work. "Well what sort of a woman are you going to make?"

I have often asked myself whether an angel leaned down, and dropped this question into Seth Robbins' mind, as he sat under the swamp willows, that afternoon! I cannot tell you; but I do know those words, for the next five years, never ceased their deep solemn utterance through my soul. Since then my life has answered Seth Robbins' question—my lips could not then.

So I twirled the string of my calico sun-bonnet round my finger, and muttered, "I don't know."

"Wall, I hope you 'll make a smart thorough goin' one, like aunt Keziah, anyhow," continued the old bachelor, as he stood up, and shook off the splinters of bark from his brown home-spun trowsers. "Quite a heap of twigs there," surveying almost affectionately the peeled bundles that lay on the ground. I must get 'em down to the basket maker's afore night. Hope you'll have a good time off in the woods." And gathering up his twigs, he went one way, and I another, that bright June afternoon.

He was an old man, disabled by sickness and age from all hard labor. He lived with his widowed sister and her family, about half a mile from Stonecliff. He was a very good specimen of a Yankee, keen, shrewd, industrious, and with that facility for all kinds of handicraft, which especially, distinguishes the people of New England from any other.

A little way from the swamp willows, which filled the hollow, the path struck up into the woods. It was nearly two miles to Grape Falls, and the sunshine broke through the trees overhead, and scattered itself along the shadows about my feet, like beautiful deeds running through a sad life; and the wind shook playfully along the green boughs, and the deep, tender, loving heart of nature beat all around me.

But I didn't *feel* it then, as I should the day before. There was a waking-up, a stirring, and a clamoring of voices within me, that drowned the outward harmony, and I could hardly believe it, when I reached the little laughing fall, whose waters sheeted over the elbow of the rock into a sort of natural vase hollowed beneath it, and rimmed round one side with wild, thick grape-vines. I sat down near the fall, under a clump of hazel bushes, threw off my bonnet, and my thoughts took a far journey down into the past, and out into the future; but, after all, they lingered longest with the present. That present that stood up before my soul, so large, and strong, and stern, and, looking down on me, said mockingly, as though it were a madness and an impossibility, "*Conquer me!*" And I answered with a hopeless, helpless sort of sigh; and then something rose up in my soul, and whispered "*Try.*"

"But what can I do?" speaking aloud to myself, "I'm nothing but aunt Keziah Frost's chore girl, without a friend or relation in the world; and all that lies before me is work, work, work; just as I've done ever since I was eight years old.

"Oh, dear! dear! dear! I wonder what it is in here just where my heart is, that seems sometimes like a great smothering weight, some-

times like a long cravin' and achin', that I don't understand. I want to know something; to be greater, and better, and higher than I am; and I shall die if I don't. I know I shall, and I wish I could!

"Ah, it would be so much sweeter to lie under the summer grass, close by mamma, with the winds humming like sweet, tangled-up music, through the old locusts, that stand by the grave-yard wall, and the birds singin', and the sunshine dimplin' all around us—it would be so much sweeter than this dreadful drudgin' draggin', dreary life, at aunt Keziah's! I'm tired to death of milkin', and spinnin', and churnin'; but if I should say a word, I'd catch such a scoldin', and a pair of boxed ears, that would make me see stars for an hour afterwards. Yet there's something different in me, that wants to come out. I ain't made of the same *stuff* she is, I know. Why she'd jest as lief hear the calves bellow as the winds blow, and the old field back of the house, filled with mullen-stumps, looks jest as pretty as the meadow down in the hollow, with its red sheets of clover, and its yeller fringes of buttercups. And then there's uncle Jed, he's worse than she is—oh!" springing up, in my excitement, and walking rapidly down the foot-path, "I hate 'em both, I jest do, as hard as I can; I can't stay with 'em; oh, if I knew what to do!"

It was a hard problem, wasn't it reader, for a little, helpless friendless, ignorant girl, of hardly fifteen, to solve? As I look back on my childhood, this birth-day lifts itself out from the others; a great epoch; a bright landmark of my life.

I was a strange child. Ideality is the predominant element of my character, and of this quality the persons with whom I lived were as ignorant as the oxen in their stalls. Of course I was dreamy, abstracted, imaginative, almost painfully alive to all the beauties and harmonies of nature; with of late an inward craving, and restlessness, and dissatisfaction, that this afternoon, for the first time in my life, shaped itself into words.

For the last seven years I had lived with uncle Jedediah Frost and his wife, and natures more thoroughly antipathetic could hardly have been brought into social and domestic relation with each other.

He was a farmer, large, loose-jointed and awkward, with a coarse-grained, stolid, phlegmatic character, whose oxen had certainly evolved more of his emotional nature than anybody else had been able to do. Aunt Keziah, his wife, was a thin, wiry, angular little woman, with keen, cold, restless blue eyes, a voice that reminded one of a sharp north-east wind, and a pale, thin, pinched sort of mouth, which no smile could warm or brighten, and on which "termagant" and "ill temper" were written as plainly as the *life* can write itself on the face.

Now I do not mean to say that these two were consciously and intentionally unkind to me. One must always take the stand-point of another's mental and moral view, before pronouncing a verdict on his actions.

Mr. and Mrs. Frost, though they were hardly ever recognized by this cognomen, had but one aim and purpose in receiving and retaining me in their family. This was "to see that I paid my way, to get out of me all they could."

Of my intellectual and moral needs, of my peculiar æsthetic temperament, they had no more knowledge or conception, than they had of the cat's, who purred in the chimney corner. The solitary motive which governed their whole lives was, to "keep what they had, and add to it all they could."

They had no children, and were considerably advanced in life; but as usual their acquisitiveness seemed to increase with their years.

Perhaps they lived up more nearly to the light that was in them, in their treatment of me, than would seem at first sight possible to a finer nature, for though coarse, harsh and exacting in all that related to work, they were never cruel.

Aunt Keziah always took, as she termed it, "the heft of the work," and though my labors were constant, they were mostly of a light character. The entire intellectual and moral training I received during the seven years I was with them, consisted of two winters at the district school, and the occasional Sabbath afternoons I was allowed to attend church.

So you can see, reader, the influences and associations through which my childhood came up to its youth.

And yet, away down in the distances of my memory was a green country, bordering the long desert through which I had travelled, and within it rose dimly a little white cottage, set like an alabaster vase among gray mosses and green shrubbery. A pale, sweet, sorrowful face, used to drop down very tender kisses each night upon my forehead, and call me betwixt them, "My poor little *fatherless* darling." Alas! I had lived to learn what that word meant.

Then there came a change. We left the little white cottage with its shrubberies, and flowers, and came to Stonecliff, where we lived in

part of Andack's rambling, old brown house, which I did not like half so well. The blue eyes grew tenderer, and the sweet face of my mother grew paler every day; and I can remember sometimes that she would gather me up suddenly to her heart, and say, "Oh, if I could only take you, my child, I would go home very gladly."

And I would pass my hand over her soft cheek, and ask, "Where, mamma? oh, you won't go without your little Ethel, will you?" For I had a vague idea that she was going back to the cottage and the sweet-briers after which I was always longing.

One day, I remember it as well as I do yesterday, though my life had not covered its fifth birth-day then, my mother was sewing, and I was sitting on a stool at her feet, pinning a shawl round an old, wooden doll, that was my sole playmate, when suddenly a low groan made me look up quickly in her face. A tide of crimson blood was rolling over her white lips. My shrieks alarmed the family below stairs. They came rushing into the room. It was too late. A sudden hemorrhage of the lungs, hastened by the constant sewing to which she had applied herself for the last year, closed suddenly the life of my mother. They laid her on the bed, she opened her eyes once, and —oh! did you ever see a dying mother look on a child she was about to leave friendless and helpless in the cold world? "Oh, God! take care of my little girl!" murmured the lips that were cold as the mountain snows; then her head fell back, and I did not know that my mother was singing on the Eternal hills, the song of the "just made perfect." After they buried her, I lived for nearly three years with the family in whose house she had died. They were coarse, careless, ignorant, but good-natured and not unkind, inasmuch as they let me have my own way, and treated me very much as they did their own noisy, dirty-faced, obstreperous children.

My mother's furniture, and some valuable jewelry-relics of better days, fell into the hands of my nominal protectors; and these, I presume, defrayed the expenses of my board while with them.

At the end of three years, they suddenly conceived a notion of going west, and I was accordingly delivered over to the tender mercies of their neighbor, Mrs. Keziah Frost, whose increasing farm-labors made it necessary she should have a chore-girl.

I think some dim perception of the difference in our characters made these people object to Mrs. Frost's proposition that I should be "bound out" to her. I did not clearly understand what this meant, for with a child's intuitive knowledge of character, I disliked the woman the first time I placed my eyes on her. "You may not like each other, Miss Frost, you see," reasoned the people, "and as the gal was sort o' left on our hands, by her mother's dyin' here, we won't see she's tied up to anybody, no how." And to their credit be it said, they strongly maintained this matter to the last.

The day before I left them, they impressed it strongly upon my mind that if aunt Keziah and I did not "pull well together," I had better "swing clear" and take care of myself, for I wasn't bound to stay there any longer than I wanted to.

I was little more than nine years old when I went to Mrs. Frost's; but my out-door life the three previous, years had been just suited to my physical development, as I was naturally a very delicate child, with that susceptible nervous organization which usually accompanies imaginative temperaments.

I was naturally an impulsive, demonstrative child; but a want of sympathy in my companions, which I felt, rather than understood, had changed the current of my emotions and affections, and my life was as hidden as it was intense.

Nature was my mother, my companion, my teacher. The winds had their mountain melodies, and their midnight doxologies for my heart. I loved the sunshine and singing birds—the trees and the waters—oh, Nature! you took me to your deep heart, and you were a tender, loving mother to me, in the long days of my orphanage. Your hands dealt out nutriment, when all else was denied them, to my emotions and affections, and saved my life from stagnation, inanition, death itself.

You know what my life was at Mrs. Frost's to that afternoon of my fifteenth birthday, when I met Seth Robbins under the swamp willows—that afternoon of my *awakening*.

Hour after hour, until the shadows made great black gulfs in the hollows, I walked up and down by the falls, trying to devise some method to improve my condition. But my child-brain worked and toiled vainly; it fastened on no resolve—it reached no conclusion. The future stretched before me blank, and dismal, and drudging, like the past; and I had nothing to do but *submit*.

Suddenly one of the old lessons in my copy-book recurred to my mind—"knowledge is power." I stared all around me, to see if some

one had not whispered the words in my ear. I believe to this day one of God's angels *did*. I stood still on the brink of the river, for I had unconsciously wandered off some distance from the falls, where the water deepened and widened. "Ethel Lindsay," I said, or rather my soul said, for I hardly knew my own voice, it had grown so calm and determined; "that is just what you want—*knowledge!*—and you must get it, too, some way or other, that's certain." At that moment the setting sun burst with a rich purplish glow through the young oaks and maples that grew thick on the banks of the river. It kindled up the dark face of the waters, as a loving smile does a cold, sad, human face, and looking down in the river, I saw the little girl standing on its brink, just as plainly as, shutting my eyes, I see her now.

She was small and slender, with a thin, deeply-tanned, half-wild, half-wistful looking face, that you would never have thought of calling *pretty*. Her forehead was low, but well developed, with a mass of tangled, wavy hair, of a bright, changeful hue, dropping about it. The features were prominent and irregular; the eyes of a dark, deep, shifting color, sometimes luminous, but oftenest shadowy, that had nothing like them in the heavens above or on the earth beneath. The mouth was full and flexible, and the lips had a habit of holding themselves slightly apart, as one's are apt to when listening or dreaming; but when in repose, physiognomists have since said, those same lips were remarkably expressive of individual power and strength of purpose.

So the little girl down in the river looked up at me as I said "Knowledge is power—I *will* have it." Then remembering it was almost "milkin' time," I caught up my bonnet, and hurried down the path that led out of the woods.

I must have been about half a mile from home when a carriage suddenly turned a sharp angle of the road, and swept by, only a few feet from where I stood. It was a very handsome vehicle, drawn by fine horses, with costly caparisonings I had a full view of the occupants. There were four—two ladies and two gentlemen. The former were young, elegantly dressed, and beautiful, but here the analogy ceased.

One was rather tall and slender, with large, brilliant eyes, regular, finely chiselled features, and there was unmistakably pride in the carriage of the queenly head, in the curving of the red lips, in the graceful attitude of the whole figure, as it leaned back indolently on the carriage cushions. The other face was a sweet, girlish one, piled round with curls of sunny hair. The eyes were blue, clear and smiling, harmonising well with the little bursting bud of a mouth, that looked as if it was made for nothing in the world but kind words and kissing.

Of the two gentlemen who occupied the back seat, the elder looked as if he might be on the sunny side of sixty, for his black hair was scattered with gray. He was rather large and portly, with a genial, good-natured countenance, that drew your heart toward him at once.

His companion was a youth, who could hardly have seen his twentieth birthday. His face was dark, striking, handsome. The forehead was broad and high, with long almost black hair overshadowing it. The eyes of a clear hazel brown, seemed fairly to radiate youth, and life, and fun. The mouth, finely curved as a woman's, seemed even in repose, full of incipient laughter, and broke into a bright intelligent smile, which was almost habitual as it addressed the others. No one could have helped liking that young man's face. I think it interested me most of the four.

I stood still and looked after these people, with a vague feeling of envy and longing, as the carriage dashed out of sight.

I realized fully the immense social distance between us. I felt they were *better* than I; but not because they were richer. Thank God! not even at that time did I set an undue value on mere dollars and cents. They were *better* than I, not because they were richer, or more finely dressed, but because they were graceful, cultivated, refined; while I was coarse, ignorant, awkward. It was not probable I could have passed a half hour in their presence without affecting their sense of refinement and grace, and this, of course, made me their inferior; but something stirring within my heart made me feel the difference was one of adjuncts rather than of qualities, and one that long effort and perseverance might overcome.

For some reason I began to associate those people who had passed me with that new life I was resolved upon, though I knew not whence they came, or whither they were going.

And musing on these things I came within sight of my home. It was a large, dingy-brown, old-fashioned farm house, set in a little way from the road, and there was nothing poetical, pretty, or even picturesque about it. It was all stark bare, almost repulsive, like the lives of its owners. Not even a tree or a bush grew in the front yard, where the short yellowish look-

ing grass had attained but a few inches in height.

Suddenly aunt Keziah thrust her head out of the front door. "If you don't trot home a little faster, you'll catch it, I'm thinkin'," was her opening salutation. "I'll be older than I am to-day, afore you'll get another afternoon to go walkin' off in the woods. Here the cows have been standin' for half an hour in the shed, waitin' for your slow motions, and that new calf has been a hollerin', and bawlin', and screamin', and yellin', like all murder, for some warm milk. I spose you thought that I could tend on him with bilin' soap, and makin' yeast on my hands, this blessed afternoon. Here, take this, and fly round smart, if you know what's good for you." She gave me the milk-pail with one hand, and no very gentle push with the other, while I gladly made my escape from the tongue and the touch of the virago. An hour later we sat at supper in the long narrow kitchen, with its low ceiling only a few inches above aunt Keziah's turban. The small pine table had no cover, and was set with coarse crockery, flaming in large red and yellow flowers, belonging to some family not specified in any Botany.

There were but four of us, and each occupied a side of the table. The master and the mistress of the household, myself, and a green Hibernian who assisted uncle Jed in the hardest of the season.

Now aunt Keziah never lost an opportunity for talking; accordingly, as soon as she had poured out the tea, she turned to her taciturn spouse, and commenced: "Did you see that air mighty smart-lookin' carriage that went by here jest at sundown?" The farmer shook his head. He was just then engaged in the mastication of a rather tough bone of mutton.

"Well, I must say, it was a grand lookin' affair, and Miss Heap, who was in here at the time, said it was Miss Kenyon's folks goin' up to visit her, at the Cedars. She says Syrus' wife has been there all the week, helpin' the gals a cleanin' and airin' and bakin', and nobody knows what. Then in the carriage, Miss Heap says, was Miss Kenyon's brother, and daughter, and nephew, with a young Pennsylvany lady, that jest come on from school, too, and the gals are mighty strong friends. (Ethel, don't put such a heapin' spoonful o' sugar in your tea. It's ris a quarter of a cent on the pound, and we must be a little more scrimpin'.) Now, Jed, I've been thinkin' they'd want a good many chickens, and eggs, and butter, at the Cedars, and you might get a better price for 'em than down at the market."

"P'rhaps I might; no harm in tryin', *Miss* Kenyon always was liberal in tradin'." This was an unusually long speech for uncle Jed.

"Wall you had, I guess, old man. Come, Ethel, you must help me clear up the table, and then take yourself off to bed, for to-morrow you'll have to spring. I've got to go into the wool dyin', full cut; then there's two bushels o' potatoes to bile up for the chickens, and I've got to give all them hams down cellar, and them yarbs up garret, a smart overhaulin' afore another sun sets, to say nothin' of airin' them geese feathers and cleanin' out the cheese pantry."

Aunt Keziah had lain out work enough for one day, I felt certain of that, as I went up to my bed in the attic. I did not go to sleep, though. I lay awake a long time, and thought, and thought—not about the next day's work, though. At last I started up suddenly in bed; the summer stars were looking in tenderly through the small panes upon me, and lifting my arms to them, as to solemn witnesses, I said, "I'll do it, I'll do it!" Oh, loving mother, did your white wings hover over your child in that hour? I laid down, and went to sleep sweetly, as I had done long years ago in your arms.

CHAPTER II.

I had had a long walk, for it was nearly four miles from my residence to the Cedars, so I leaned against the front gate, and looked up at the house with a palpitating heart. It was a picturesque little cottage, with its bay windows and broad porticoes, set down there in the midst of sloping terraces, and mounds whose summits were flushed over with moss roses. Then all about were scattered clumps of dark pine, and Norway spruce, while the larches stirred gracefully to the summer winds.

It was a lovely spot. No wonder I forgot all my weariness, even the errand which had brought me there, as leaning against the gate, my eyes drank in the beauty before me.

The wind brought occasionally to me light breaks of laughter—the laughter of youth and happiness; for at this time the family were gathered in the parlor, on my right; but the shrubbery concealed me from view.

And now, while I stand there in a sort of vague, dreamy wonderment, you shall forestall me, and go in, reader.

Mrs. Kenyon and her guests are all there. She is a pleasant, matronly, and very lady-like looking person, with a strong family resem-

blance to her brother, who is reading his newspaper, keeping up a sort of desultory conversation with her, and listening occasionally to the young people, who are grouped on the opposite sofa, chatting away very animatedly. The parlor is furnished with taste and elegance, not so richly as to be oppressive, though. Rare blossoms, and half-opened buds wind through the vines and mosses of the velvet carpet, several fine pictures and portraits, in heavy oval frames, hang along the walls—all else is in harmony with these.

"Now, girls, what do you say to another sail on the lake this evening. It will be perfectly charming among the Cedars in the moonlight." The speaker sits by his cousin, and he catches up the girdle which swings from her waist, and winds the heavy tassel round his fingers as he asked the question.

"I see very well what you want. Ah, you rogue! I haven't forgotten how you tried to scare Irene and me, nearly out of our wits, night before last, making the boat shake and plunge, till we really believed we were going to upset, and there you sat all the time, looking as demure as grandma, and yet you were at the bottom of the whole mischief!" And the girl shakes playfully her white hand in his face.

Alison Holmes leans back and laughs, such a full, careless, merry sort of laugh, that you feel at once it brims up from a heart that has never known darkness or sorrow, that is full of youth, and health, and spirits—those great jewels of life!

"How did you find all that out, you dear little Miss Innocent?"

"Why, I just told Enos that the boat was an unsafe one, and like to have upset us all, and he must hunt up another, for our next sail; and he answered, looking as solemn as an owl: 'Miss Meltha, there isn't a safer boat in the State than the Cedar Bird. You may depend on't twas all that young chap's doin's, just to scare you.' Don't you wish he'd had a good ducking himself, Irene, darling."

"Yes, indeed, I do," laughs the queenly lady, who has thrown herself on an ottoman at the feet of the cousins, and clasped her hand in that of Meltha's.

"You don't, either. You'd have pulled me back, I'll bet my new watch, if you'd seen me going under; now wouldn't you, girls? Be honest and tell the truth.

"If you give us another chance, I think we may possibly rescue you by your hair. It will afford us such a nice chance to pull it." Irene's smile materially softens her threat.

"Well, then, I should have chosen the ducking as the least of the two evils. Uncle Nathan, won't you trust me out on the lake, with the girls, this evening—I'll take the best care in the world of them?"

"Ye-es, I guess so. Meltha, my child, you must wrap up warm, for the evenings are chilly up here in the country."

You would have known how very dear she was to the old man's heart, if you had heard those words, and seen the look that accompanied them—it was so very fond—so full of watchful tenderness.

She seemed to need both, for she was fair and fragile, like her mother, who, fifteen years before, in the morning of her womanhood, had gone down to the "long sleep."

"O, I'll look out for myself—never you mind, papa. Irene, my pet, what are you thinking about?"

And she lifts up the graceful head that is leaning over her lap.

"That I wished Clyde was here. He is so fond of moonlight sailing, and I am sure, Alison, you and he would like each other."

"Yes, indeed, you would," chimes in the soft voice of Meltha.

"Why, because *you* do?" With an arch glance of the dark, roguish eyes.

"Be still, you impertinence." There is a pout on the little lady's lip; but the soft kindling of her cheek is more significant than the pout.

"Well, do tell me something about this brother of yours, Irene. Does he like fun, for if he don't, he and I could never sail in the same ship."

"Yes, he likes it. But dear me! you are not in the least bit alike. He is quieter and graver than you are, and strangers think him remarkably dignified. He's very proud, though rather strangely, so exclusive and fastidious; but if you once get down into his heart—it's *such* a warm one. He's a little bit odd, too, and likes his own way remarkably well. In short, he's the only person in the world that I ever was the least bit afraid of." It was plain to be seen that Irene was very proud of her brother, very fond of him, too.

"Why didn't you bring him on with you, Irene? He'd have liked a jollification at the Cedars, I know."

"Oh, he's gone to Virginia, to visit some of our cousins, with papa. But he promised me he'd pass Christmas with us, at the Seminary, particularly when I told him that a certain pair, of blue eyes, which he thinks very beauti-

ful, were to take the part of Rowena, in our tableau."

"Now I'll tell Al. who is to be Rebecca," cries Meltha, to hide her confusion.

"I wish I could be there. Wouldn't I make a capital Ivanhoe, girls?"

"Indeed you would," they simultaneously rejoin.

"But why can't you come? It isn't a long journey from Cambridge;" eagerly questions Irene.

"Because I have promised to meet my mother in South Carolina, at the close of next term."

There was a beautiful, involuntary tenderness in the tones with which he said that one word, which made you know he "reverenced his mother." The girls felt it. Even the uncle and aunt noticed this.

"He doesn't look much like her, but the boy has her heart, anyhow," half whispered Mr. Herrick to his sister.

"What's that you're saying about me, uncle Nat?"

"Nothing very bad, my boy. After all, that smile *was* a little bit like your mother's."

"Thank you, nunkey. You couldn't have paid me a greater compliment, unless you had said my heart was like hers."

"And what if I did say it, too? But here's our little girl—she's growing to look more like her aunt every day." He sighed, for Meltha's mother and Alison's had been sisters.

"So she is. Bless her dear little heart." He threw his arm round his cousin's waist, and drew her suddenly to him, with that familiarity which cousinship and their long intimacy warranted. "I always loved you a great deal better because you had *her* eyes."

"Now don't hug me so tight; it's not proper, at all," cried Meltha, between a pout and a laugh, as she pushed back her shining curls with one hand, and pinched her cousin's cheek with the other.

"You love your mother very dearly, do you not, Alison?" asked Irene, who, slipping the rings round her fingers, had listened to the conversation with much interest.

"I think I do." It was a pity his mother did not hear those tones and see his face at that moment. "She's the best woman in the world, not even present company excepted. Now isn't she, uncle Nathan?"

"Well, I've known her over twenty years, and I've never been able to discover but one fault in her."

"What in the world is it?"

"Why, she would persist in spoiling a certain scapegrace of a nephew of mine, spite of all my solemn warnings and adjurations."

"I very much wonder she didn't say 'Physician, heal thyself,' at the conclusion of all those pathetic exhortations;" looking archly at Meltha.

"Now hear that boy, Irene. It *does* seem as if he couldn't live five minutes without some thrust at me. *Am* I a spoiled child, papa?" And she bounded up, with the prettiest childish grace imaginable, ran across the room, and sprung into her father's lap, answering her own question in her whole manner better than any words could have done.

"I rather think so, pussy. But, anyhow, we wouldn't have you *un*spoiled for all the world." And the fond parent pushed away the bright curls that were tumbling around the sunny face, as green leaves shake in summer mornings about half-opened lilies. What wonder the sweet girl was her father's idol!

"Look here, Meltha? Isn't somebody standing still there at the front gate?" suddenly asked Mrs. Kenyon, as she peered through the shrubbery, for her seat was nearest the window.

"Ye-es, seems to me there is. Your eyes are younger than mine, daughter; look out."

She sprung to the window, and gazed down through the green vista.

"Yes, there certainly is, aunty. It's a little girl, with an awfully old-fashioned straw bonnet, Goodness! how like a statue she stands there!"

"I presume it's some beggar, but she's more modest than they usually are; Biddy"—to a domestic, who just then crossed the hall—"you see that girl standing at the gate? Go down and ask her what she wants."

I have given you this conversation at length, reader, because I believe one can get at a better knowledge of character from a simple, off-hand interview of this kind, than from the most elaborate mental analysis, just as you have learned more of persons in seeing them for five minutes, than in hearing about them all your life.

"Wa-all, what is it you'll be afther wanting here?"

I started. It was not a very pleasant awakening from my reverie, for Biddy's face and tones indicated plainly she thought I had no business there. The truth rushed back to me. It was almost overwhelming. My courage, which had been strung up to an unnatural degree, now utterly forsook me.

"How dare you think of going in there, and meeting those people?"—whispered all the

coward in my heart. "They'll every one stare at you, and you can't say a word. Then they will think you're crazy, or make all manner of fun of you. You never can stand it—you know you can't. Just tell the girl, now, you were only looking at the trees, and get off as fast as you can, before the matter's any worse."

I was on the very point of doing it. Something prevented me—a thought sent from Heaven that it was my last chance—a look back into that miserable life, from which for the previous three days I had revolted more than ever.

Oh, it must have been a hard extremity, indeed, that thus urged me on, for I was a timid, bashful child, and to this day I seldom enter a room full of strangers without a feeling of painful embarrassment. But I love to look back and dwell upon this time, with its doubts, its agitations, its terrors—aye, I rejoice, I exult, I triumph in it, more than in any other passage of my life.

It was the trial hour of my soul. The one great conflict between it and circumstances which, perhaps, sooner or later, every strong nature must meet. If I had failed then, and gone back to the old ways, my life might have still been what I shudder to think of, what so many other lives are, dwarfed, abnormal, wretched; but, oh, thank God! thank God! I *conquered!*

"I want to see Mrs. Kenyon, a minute. Won't you show me the way to her?" I was earnest, determined now, and probably my tones indicated it, for Biddy opened the gate, and said, in a voice slightly mollified: "Come along with me, then." A minute later, and she ushered me into the parlor, somewhat after this fashion: "She says she wants to spake wid you a minute, so I brought her in, ma'am."

One step I advanced into the room, and five wondering faces turned towards me. Then a fright, a dizziness, a bewilderment came over me. I could not advance a step farther, I could not speak a single word—so I stood there, in my painful awkwardness, and my paralysing embarrassment, for six seconds perhaps—it seemed to me as many hours.

A light, half-scornful laugh, was the first thing that roused me. That beautiful, proud head I had seen in the carriage, was uplifted to the girlish one that leaned wonderingly forward, and I heard distinctly the words, "Did you ever see such a looking creature, in all your life, Meltha? I wonder where she got the fashion of her bonnet."

"Irene! Irene! the girl will hear you." No wonder her eyes dropped before the stern, rebuking voice of Alison Holmes.

And hearing it, I grew strong again. The weakness and the terror went off from me, and when Mrs. Kenyon said kindly, but *very* patronisingly, "What is it you want of me, my child?" I forgot everything but my errand, and told my story.

What I said, or *how* I said it, I cannot remember. I only know that I felt every word of it—that sometimes my voice shook, through the tears I swallowed bravely back, as I spoke of my dead mother, and the faint memories that still clung to my heart of her love. Then I told them of my after-life. Brokenly, but earnestly, of the miserable years I had passed with aunt Keziah Frost—until at last the burden grew so heavy I could not bear it, and so nearly as I can remember, I closed something after this fashion: "I havn't come to *beg* anything; but I thought maybe when I'd told you my story, you'd have some work, you'd let me come here and do, and then I could study an hour or two every day. That's all I want. I'll be very quiet and good, if you'll only let me come, and I'll work very, very hard, if I needn't go back there again."

For a minute no one spoke. My auditory looked from me to each other. Surprise, curiosity and interest, were in all their faces.

And in two of the faces were more than this—pity and sympathy in the young man's, soft tears trembling on the long, yellow lashes of his cousin. Mrs. Kenyon spoke first, low and lady-like, as she always did: "Well, my child, I don't really know as we have anything for you to do; but if you're so uncomfortable where you are, we must try and see what can be effected for you."

"Of course we must," eagerly interposed the young man. "She's not going back to that old curmudgeon's, that's certain. I'll take care of her myself first."

"What a model sort of a guardian you'd make, Al." laughed his uncle. "But really, we must do something for this little girl. Well, what is it, Meltha?" for she had come over to him, and he felt the soft, coaxing hand on his shoulder.

"I want to do something for her myself, papa. There are all my old school books, you know; and then, my last year dresses will fit her, with a little altering. Poor child! she hasn't any mother, either."

This was the plea that went down deepest in the soul of the really kind-hearted man. "You may do all you like, my daughter. Abbie, turn

round here (in an undertone.) You'll take the child, you see, and I'll bear part of the expense."

"No, brother, you'll do no such thing;" and then there was a low whispering, in which I caught something about dusting the parlors in the morning, and going to the Academy in the afternoon.

Here Meltha interposed. "No, no, aunt Abbie, don't make a servant of her. Let her go to school all day. I'm sure there's a great deal in the girl, and it ought to be developed. I wouldn't wonder if she was a genius."

"Sit down, little girl; you've walked a long way, and you must be very tired standing."

The young man's tones were as gentle and courteous as they could have been to the proudest lady. I sat down, and then he went over to his relatives, while the young girl by the sofa still kept up the same cold, half-disdainful stare into my face, and over my dress, and I felt certain as though she had said it, she was wondering, all the time, what in the world they were making this fuss over such an odd, outlandishly-dressed little object as I was.

At last the consultation was over. It had been a prolonged one, and Alison and his cousin had borne the largest share of it, while Irene had tapped her small feet impatiently on the carpet, or languidly turned over a portfolio of engravings on the table beside her.

"Come here, little girl," said Mrs. Kenyon. She did not, I think, ask me more than two dozen questions, which was very moderate under the circumstances, such as my name, my age, &c., &c.

She inquired very particularly, also, about Mrs. Frost's claims on me, and Meltha actually clapped her hands when her father declared that no lawyer in all Massachusetts would pronounce them legal.

Mrs. Kenyon then told me that her brother and herself had decided it was best for me to return to Mrs. Frost's that night, as it would look much better to see her, before taking me away.

Mrs. Kenyon always had a profound respect for all the proprieties of life. The young people strongly objected to this, Alison stoutly maintaining it was no matter what such an old virago thought, anyway. But Mrs. Kenyon carried her point. "We will come for you tomorrow," she said; "it is growing almost dark, and Enos shall take you down to the crossings, which must be very near your home. It will be the last night you shall ever stay there—you may depend upon us, my child."

I tried to thank her, but I don't think I succeeded very well—it may be for the sobs in my throat—it may be for the great tides of happiness that were pouring into my heart. At all events, Meltha came up to me and pushed back with her soft fingers the hair that had fallen over my forehead. "Don't try to thank us," she said, with a soft, sweet smile fluttering about her lips. "We will be your friends, and we won't let you have any more trouble, if we can help it."

At that moment Enos put his head inside the door, and said the carriage was ready to take me down to the crossings.

Alison and Meltha accompanied me to the gate. They said many kind things. It is strange I have a certain consciousness of this, while I cannot remember one word.

So we drove off. One's receptive capacity of enjoyment is limited in this life. It is a merciful provision of our Father's. The great good had come so suddenly, so overwhelmingly, that I could not realize or receive it. My soul grasped and grappled at it vainly. I, Ethel Lindsay, Keziah Frost's "chore girl," was now—oh! a misty radiance wrapped round that future, that was coming to meet me. After long darkness, one's eyes cannot bear the sudden light. It was almost a comfort to think then, "Perhaps it is all a dream."

Then I remembered I had been absent more than two hours beyond the time which aunt Keziah had given me to go to the doctor's, for her husband had sprained his arm, and she had dispatched me to the village for some liniment.

I had, accordingly, availed myself of this excuse to wear the best dress and bonnet my wardrobe afforded, and in pursuance of my resolution of three nights previous, had visited the Cedars.

Perhaps it was as well that the prospect of the scolding which I knew awaited me on my return, was the only tangible point on which my mind would then fasten itself.

CHAPTER III.

"Well, now, Meltha, what is it you want to tell me?"

And the youth broke off, with his ever-restless hands, a sprig of the young white birch, under which he stood with his cousin. They were close by the shores of the little river that wound, like a tangled blue ribbon, through the green fields, with the slender white bridges stretching picturesquely across it. And Meltha had detained her cousin a moment, while the rest of the party went up to the house, for they

had just returned from a long sail on the river.

"Well," rather hesitatingly, "I wanted to speak to you, Al., a moment, about that girl, Ethel Lindsay. Do you know I've been thinking, this morning, that aunt Abbie's is not quite the place for her?"

"Why not, pray?" He had not her acute womanly intuitions and sympathies.

"Because," twisting the ribbons of the gipsy hat that became her so charmingly, round her fingers; "aunt Abbie is a good woman, a most excellent woman, you see, coz, but she hasn't a spark of romance, or poetry, or imagination in her. She's perfectly and entirely *practical*. Now, I believe this little girl is a genius——"

"So I do," interrupted Alison, heartily. "It required a world of courage and spirit, I tell you, Meltha, to come in, and brave us all as she did—poor child! I know it, and then despite her unbecoming dress, she really had an interesting face, with those great, strange, laughing eyes, that shone so tender and beautiful, when she spoke of her mother."

"Did you observe them?"

"To be sure I did;" splashing the end of the birch rod in the water.

"Well, as I was saying, aunt Abbie will never lose sight of the fact that she *was* a servant girl, or something worse. She'll be very kind, no doubt, but *so* patronising; and she'll always regard the girl as a sort of object of charity, and expect she'll be very grateful for the position to which she is exalted. Don't you *see*, Alison?"

"Yes, dear, I see it all now;" looking down admiringly on the sweet face uplifted to him, flushed with earnestness and perplexity.

He was an impulsive boy, this Alison Holmes, and it was hardly strange if that face, so fair, and pure, and girlish, stirred his susceptible nature. He drew his arm softly but tightly round his cousin's neck, and his lips left a kiss on either cheek. The blush and the slight struggle only made her look prettier than ever.

"Now, Alison Holmes, aren't you ashamed of yourself? It's really *very* improper of you to do this."

"No it isn't, either; I guess, I'm your own cousin!"

"Well, that's no reason you should be so —so *bold*."

"You've no business to look so pretty, then, that a fellow can't help kissing you. But I'm willing to pay almost any penance." The look of mingled roguery and penitence with which he said this would have obtained immunity from almost any maiden, for a good many of those little social derelictions of which the young man was often guilty.

"Then behave yourslf, Al., and listen soberly to me, for once in your life: Can't you help me devise some plan by which the girl needn't remain with aunt Abbie? It troubles me to think of her staying there, and there's nobody to consult with but you; for papa wouldn't understand it at all—and Irene!—I know she thinks it's quite absurd for us to take such an interest in her."

"She's rather too aristocratic, I imagine, for any such condescension."

"Hush, Alison. You must not speak so of Irene; I love her very dearly. But about Ethel Lindsay. How I wished she could go to your mother."

"Don't I, though! It would be just the place. But it's quite impossible, you see. With her feeble health, and away off in South Carolina, she couldn't undertake the care of this child."

"Of course not. I only *wished* it might be so. But can't you think of somebody else, Alison?"

"No, I'm sure I can't. If mother were only here, she might suggest somebody among her friends. Oh, stop, Meltha, there's Miss Ruth Maltby. You know she's her warmest friend, and a most lovely woman, for all she's an old maid. You saw her when she came to New York, to bid mamma good bye. What did you think of her?"

"Think of her! I fell perfectly in love with her. There was something so very serene and sweet in her *smile*, and yet I was sure she had seen a great deal of trouble some time. I told aunt Lucy so, and she said: 'My child, you have guessed right. I have known Ruth ever since we were school girls together.'"

"'Oh, won't you please tell me, aunt Lucy, all about it?' I asked.

"'Sometime, dear, maybe. It is a sad story of youth, and love, and terrible mistakes. But don't ask me more now.' Of course, I was still farther interested after this, though I did not see her more than two hours. If she only could be persuaded to take Ethel."

"Perhaps she can. You know her brother is a widower, with only one child. I will visit her on my way to Cambridge, and see if my eloquence will avail anything in this matter. But what will aunt Abbie say?"

"Nothing. In my opinion she'll be rather glad to get rid of the trouble just now, for she expects to go west in the fall, and perhaps not return till spring."

"Oh, Alison, you are so good! How shall I thank you?"

An arch, significant smile answered her. She did not pout this time; but with a pretty, half-bashful grace, she clasped her hands, kissed them, and touched them to her cousin's lips.

"That will do, wont it?" she laughed. "What will Irene think—I am gone so long," and she ran up to the house, and he stood and watched her, as her light feet fluttered along the grass; thinking what a very sweet girl his little cousin Meltha Herrick was.

Perhaps I may as well tell you here, reader, something more of the character and antecedents of Alison Holmes, as I learned them afterward.

His mother was a widow, and he was her only son, and heir to a very large estate. As Mrs. Holmes's brother-in-law said, her greatest fault had been the idolatry she had lavished on her child, and yet it was hardly strange, for he was a son that any mother might well be proud of. His fine, sinewy figure, his handsome, expressive face, and that natural, easy grace of manner and movement, which is in itself an attribute of no little social value, marked the young student wherever he made his appearance.

He had a great many faults, but his fine qualities seemed almost to absorb or overshadow them; indeed it was difficult to see him half an hour without loving him.

Stamina of character and strength of purpose he certainly wanted; any physiognomist could have told that, with a single glance at the finely moulded, susceptible, but firmness-lacking mouth. Irritable, and exacting—the natural result of his petted, undisciplined youth—he certainly often was, but underlying all this were the fine, generous impulses of a character that, though far from perfect, had much, oh! so very much in it that was true, and good, and beautiful. I do not believe it would have been possible for him to have committed a mean, or a premeditated selfish act. Then he had that warm, social, half-poetic temperament, with those mirthful spirits that were always effervescing in fun and frolic, and an instinctive respect and tenderness for woman, which is so beautiful in a man, that always makes him a favorite with women.

Alison Holmes had been this from a boy. Of course the life of such a character must be too much on the surface, must want depth, pertinacity, earnestness; and it was his fate that his education had not corrected these tendencies; but it is very high praise to say of any man or woman, as could be said of him, that those who knew him best loved him most.

Meltha Herrick, his cousin, was an only child, too, and an equally indulged one, only a man's tenderness is not so dangerous, because not so fond and demonstrative, as a woman's.

She was a sweet girl, half child, and half woman, "nothing more, nothing less."

She had no great force of character, she could never have battled with fate, or with circumstances; but she was gentle, clinging, amiable, just the one to wrap herself round a strong, self-reliant nature. She was like her mother, after whom she was named, though her friends had converted the old-fashioned Melissa into the soft *Meltha*. She had a great deal of womanly tact and sympathy, with some romance and poetic appreciation, as was evinced in her conversation with her cousin respecting myself.

But, she was neither great or original, only what I said at the beginning, a *sweet girl*, and she promised to make a very lovely woman.

The friendship that existed between her and Irene Woolsey seemed to a stranger quite unaccountable, for their natures appeared perfectly antipodal; but friendship is usually founded on opposite characteristics, and I really believe Irene Woolsey loved Meltha Herrick as well as she could any one not belonging to her own family.

She was the daughter of a wealthy southerner, who, for the sake of his wife's health, had removed to Pennsylvania.

For reasons which will be hereafter apparent, I choose to speak of her character as little and as gently as I can.

She was proud, imperious, brilliant, capable of making herself very attractive or repellant, as the mood might suit her; but in society her beauty, her wit, and her conversational talents, made her a great favorite. It was a pity that her early education had not developed or strengthened her principles, or her boarding-school life fostered the best part of her character.

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It was early in the afternoon of the next day, and I had gone off on the hill to gather some green apples, which aunt Keziah had concluded to "stew" for supper, when I saw a carriage winding up the road which led to our house.

How my heart beat! I had waited and watched patiently all day. I sat down on the grass, not minding that the pan was only half-filled with apples, for I knew the next hour was to decide my destiny.

I saw Mrs. Kenyon and her brother alight and enter the house. I think it must have

been at least three quarters of an hour before aunt Keziah put her head out of the kitchen door, for the hill was only a few rods from it.

It seemed to me I had grown very old during that time. My excitable nervous organization had undergone an intensity of suffering, which one, to look on me, would hardly have believed possible.

I remember throwing myself on the grass, clinching my hands tightly together, and burying my face in my lap, one moment; the next, springing up, hurrying wildly down the lot, wringing my hands apart, and gasping for breath.

No wonder they started and said "Why, child, what makes you look so pale?" as I entered the front room.

Aunt Keziah sat on the corner of a chair, looking very much excited, though she was evidently considerably awed by her guests. They were in great haste, and Mrs. Kenyon, addressing me kindly, told, in a few words, her story.

Her brother had received letters which made it necessary he should leave the Cedars next day, for New York. The young people would all accompany him, and they were now busily preparing for their departure. It had been decided that I should come to the Cedars that day, and they would send a carriage for me at sunset.

The lady added, further, that perhaps another home than her own would be provided for me, but that, at all events, I should have kind friends, who would see I was made comfortable and happy. I believe her interview with Mrs. Frost had inclined her still more to pity my condition.

At this point Mr. Herrick interposed. "Come here, my child, a moment." He took my hand kindly as I approached him.

"I wish you to understand clearly, that as you were never bound to this good woman here, by your parents or protectors, she has no legal claims over you; and though under age, you are at perfect liberty to choose your own home. Now, I want you to answer me in her presence, do you prefer to go with us?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. You hear her reply, Mrs. Frost. And now," rising up, "we will not make you any trouble in this matter, if you choose to be quiet about it, but we shall certainly insist upon her leaving you. The law, if necessary, will sustain us in this matter, but we trust, however, there will be no necessity of appealing to it. May we depend upon seeing her at the Cedars this evening?"

"If she's a mind to go, I shan't prevent her. She's an ungrateful hussy, anyway," was the spiteful rejoinder.

"We will not waste words on that topic. Good afternoon, ma'am," and the gentleman and his sister left the lady in towering wrath, which broke forth the moment they were out of the house.

What a coarse, vulgar torrent of vituperation it was! They were no better than thieves, stealin' away other people's girls, and I—oh! there was nothing too bad for Mrs. Frost to call me, particularly when she came clearly to understand how I had gone over to the Cedars the day before, and informed them of my desire to leave her.

Her rage expended itself, at last, in this verbal storm. Then, growing calmer, she tried to prevail upon me to remain with her. "If you'll stay till you're eighteen, I'll give you a nice bed, stuffed with the best of geese feathers, and that chest of pine drawers, which was my grandmother's, and, varnished up, it'll look almost as good as new. Then there's the cherry bedstead in the south chamber. It was Jed's mother's, and I'm sure you'll have a grand settin' out. Them folks, with all their grand airs, won't do half as well by you."

"But, aunt Keziah, they'll send me to school, and perhaps make a teacher of me some day. I'd rather go with them."

"Nonsense; that's all fol-de-rol, gettin' your head full o' them notions. I'd like to know if you ain't been to the district school two winters, and been through with the spellin' book and English reader, to say nothin' of gography and writin'. You've got larnin' enough now, for any gal in the land—a heap more than I ever had."

"Well, aunt Keziah," and I probably addressed her with more dignity than I had ever done before; "I have made up my mind to go, and it's no use to ask me to stay. Are you willing I should take my clothes, for the carriage will come before a great while?" There was something very agreeable in the thought that I was to take my departure in so much state.

"Yes, you can carry 'em off if you're a mind to," breaking out again. "I shall be glad to get rid of such an ungrateful minx, the land knows; but if you don't wish yourself back agin many a time, I miss my guess;" and she flounced out of the room.

My services were of considerable value to the

woman, and it is possible she felt a slight attachment to me, I had lived with her so long. At all events, she was very reluctant to have me leave her, but she saw it was of no use to try and prevent it.

Just at sunset the carriage came for me. I had rolled up my small wardrobe in a bundle, and was quite ready. Aunt Keziah said the most uncompromising of good bye's to me, and uncle Jed, who had just come in from the barn, stood at the door, leaning on his rake, with an expression of amazement on his stolid face, of which I had deemed it in no wise capable.

The driver lifted me into the carriage, and looking out a moment later, I saw the sunlight pouring its amber tides along the eaves of the red-brown house I had left forever.

—

It was all hurry, bustle, and confusion, the morning after my arrival at the Cedars, for the company were to leave before noon. They had had a large party the night before, and I had been consigned by Mrs. Kenyon to Biddy's keeping, who had been too much occupied to talk with me, so I went up to the pleasant little back chamber, that had been appropriated to me, and sitting down by the window, looked out on the large, soft stars, while my thoughts wandered off into the golden mists of reverie.

The calm, after the excitement, was just what I needed. Faintly from the distant parlors wandered up to me outbursts of merry laughter, and trembles of sweet music; but I wonder if any one of that joyous company below was happier than the little, solitary orphan girl, who sat with her hands folded by the open window, looking at the stars.

But, as I said, the next morning the house was one scene of bustle and confusion. Mrs. Kenyon sent up a message that I could go where I liked, as she should not be able to see me till noon, and I had just concluded to visit a small, but very picturesque grove of cedars which had christened the cottage, when Meltha Herrick burst into the room, followed by a domestic.

"How do you do, you poor child, this morning?" she said, catching hold of my hands in the most lively, cordial manner conceivable. "I thought you'd be horribly lonely last night, but, dear me! I couldn't catch a moment of time to come to you."

"Jane here, though, has been making over one of my dresses for you, (you're to have all my last summer's wardrobe,) and I want to see how you look in pink muslin before I go. Now, Jane, do dress her just as quick as you can. Her hair is so long and wavy, I know t'will curl, and you'll find all my clothes in the front chamber closet; come, do your very best, won't you? There's Irene calling me. I'll be back in half an hour;" and she fluttered out of the room, like a sun-beam, or a song-bird—anything that is sweet, and pure, and beautiful.

"Now, miss, just look at yourself in the glass," and with no little apparent pride in the metamorphosis her tasteful fingers had occasioned, Jane led me up to the mirror.

I stood staring into it with amazement, for certainly I should never have recognised myself in the little girl who, with the long clusters of half-curled hair dropping to her waist, and the delicate pink muslin, at once softening and flushing the dark brown of her complexion, answered back my gaze.

I was not a handsome child, no artistic blending of colors, no ingenuity of tasteful fingers, could have made me this; but I certainly had not until that moment conceived it possible that my appearance was susceptible of so great an improvement.

Before I had finished my survey, however, Meltha broke again into the room. "What a change! what a change!" she slowly exclaimed on seeing me. "I wouldn't have believed it possible. Why, Jane, how nice you have made her look." And she surveyed me with an evident admiration that would have been very flattering to any one's vanity. "Goodness, now you needn't blush so. I can't help looking at you. But see here, Alison asked me to bring you down stairs into the dining room. Nobody's there, and he wants to see you a moment."

I followed my young patroness down stairs, my heart beating with wonder and embarrassment.

The young gentleman was standing at the window, as we entered. "Good morning, Miss Ethel," he said, springing forward, and shaking hands with me, with that half-nervous, and wholly graceful manner, like nobody's else in the world. "Well, I declare, I shouldn't have known you."

"Doesn't that dress become her, Al.? But listen. We are to leave in an hour, and I want to see aunt Abbie. I'll run off and leave you here; but you must talk fast, for they'll be calling you." And Meltha was gone, and I—oh! I was blushing and twisting my fingers awkwardly, and wishing myself a thousand miles off from the bright, roguish eyes of the young man. He was very, very kind to me, though. With an intuitive perception of my

embarrassment, which only a fine, generous nature could have experienced. He sought to banish it by talking in a kind of free, old-acquaintance sort of manner.

"Isn't this scenery beautiful?" and he drew me to the window. "You'll have a delicious time wandering off among the woods, and down by the river. It's too bad we can't stay to get better acquainted with you; but uncle thinks he must be back to the city by to-morrow night. "You mustn't get the blues here, though, alone, for I think we have something very nice in store for you." And then he went on to tell me, rather vaguely, of a new home, in a quaint old parsonage, where he thought I must be very happy with a friend of his mother's, and at last he turned round abruptly: "Now, you see, you'll need some spending money of your own, to get you a thousand little things girls are always wanting. I dare say they'll never think of it—anyhow you'll be more independent to have it yourself. How much can you get a long with for a year or two?"

Oh, Alison, how good—how generous—how thoughtful you were! No wonder I look down on that moment through mists of fast-rising tears.

But I do not think I had ever owned a sixpence in my life. Of course I had very extravagant ideas of the value of money. I mused a moment, and then ventured hesitatingly—for the offer had almost overwhelmed me with mingled surprise and gratitude—"Well, I think about two dollars would last me a long, long time."

"Two dollars!" He broke into a laugh that seemed fairly to shake the room. "Now if that isn't a capital joke. Two dollars! Why, you little goose, it wouldn't keep you in sugar-plums for a month. Let's see." He drew out his pocket-book; I saw it was a very plethoric one. He fumbled inside of it a moment, and then slipped some gold pieces into my hand. "That'll last you till next summer, I guess, with your economical ideas. Just say nothing about it to any body. I must run off, and see if aunt Abbie's packed up my dressing gowns."

I opened my hand, and looked at the money. There were four *twenty-five dollar gold pieces*. Thanks to my two winters at the district school, I had sufficient mathematical knowledge to achieve this example in mental addition. I was almost petrified with the result. *I*, Ethel Lindsay, really owned a hundred dollars! It seemed an almost fabulous sum. I rubbed my eyes, to be certain I was awake. No man suddenly finding himself the undisputed possessor of millions, could have felt richer than I did.

Then came the after-thought—"He must have given me all the money he has in the world. I can't keep it. I'll go this very minute, and find him, and tell him so." I met him on the stairs. "I thank you a great many times, Mr. Alison, for your money; but I can't take it, indeed I can't, it's so much." And I held it out to him. "You'll find use enough for it, I'll warrant, before the year's out. As for its being too much, that's my look out, you know, not yours. "But I don't want to take all your money. Have you got any left?" I persisted.

A comical smile wavered across the young man's mouth. "A few cents, thank you. Don't trouble yourself on my account, Ethel. What a little bit of verdancy you are! But I like you all the better for it."

Then somebody called him, and I wandered out into the garden, thinking—*a hundred dollars! a hundred dollars!*

A little while later I was summoned back to the house, to take my leave of the company. They were all assembled at the front door. Mrs. Kenyon complimented me very kindly on my improved appearance. We went down to the gate together, and there they left me, for Mrs. Kenyon was to accompany her relations to the depot.

Meltha kissed me warmly, and whispered that in a year her school-days would be over, and then she hoped we would meet again. Even Irene, looking very queenly and beautiful, in her dark travelling dress, condescended to shake hands with me.

Alison assured me I would hear from him very soon, and Mr. Herrick said something polite and encouraging, I forget what.

Then the carriage rolled away, and I stood gazing wistfully after it, and seeing, to the last, only the sweet face of Meltha Herrick, and the joyous one of Alison Holmes.

They were my friends, I *felt* it, and oh! they did not dream how the heart of the little girl who watched them from the garden gate sunk and ached at this parting. I feared Irene, I liked Mr. Herrick and his sister, but I *loved* Alison and Meltha. It was the first time I could have said this of any human being, since they closed the blue eyes of my mother.

The long sleep, the *death in life*, was over, for what is one's life, saving his affections? I felt the new tides breaking into my heart, as the carriage vanished from my gaze, and I stood

alone with that fair June morning, so golden, so fragrant, so serene—one of the sweet romances of the summer.

I passed the summer at the Cedars, reader, but I can only touch lightly upon that time, for it was outwardly very quiet, very un-eventful.

In less than two weeks after Alison's departure, Mrs. Kenyon received a letter from him, stating that his application to his mother's friend had been successful. She was, however, about to take a journey with her brother, who was not in very good health, and would not return until autumn. It was settled that I should join her in early October.

I was left very much to my own pleasure, for Mrs. Kenyon decided I had best not attend school for so short a time, especially as the long summer vacation of the academy commenced soon after I came to the Cedars. But I had plenty of books, and I devoured promiscuous reading with a new, intense delight.

Then there were the woods, the hills, and the river-shores, about which I used to wander every day, taking their sweet lessons into my heart, and growing strong.

There was but little company at the Cedars, for Mrs. Kenyon was absent most of the time. The only work she allotted me was to dust the parlors, while Jane, who took a great fancy to me, made over all Meltha's last year's wardrobe, with a taste and skill which elicited the frequent admiration of her mistress.

So I was very happy, and the old life at the Frosts soon grew to me like a dark dream, which I could remember, but not realise.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

THEY sleep. Athwart my white
Moon-marbled casement, with her solemn mien
Silently watching o'er their rest serene,
Gazeth the star-eyed night.

My girl, sedate or wild
By turns,—as playful as a summer breeze,
Or grave as night on star-lit Southern seas,—
Serene, strange woman-child.

My boy, my trembling star!
The whitest lamb in April's tenderest fold,
The bluest flower-bell in the shadiest wold,
His fitting emblems are.

They are but two, and all
My lonely heart's arithmetic is done
When these are counted. High and Holy One,
Oh, hear my trembling call!

I ask not wealth nor fame
For these, my jewels! Diadem and wreath
Soothe not the aching brow that throbs beneath,
Nor cool its fever-flame.

I ask not length of life,
Nor earthly honors. Weary are the ways
The gifted tread, unsafe the world's best praise,
And keen its strife.

I ask not that to me
Thou spare them, though they dearer, dearer be
Than rain to deserts, spring flowers to the bee,
Or sunshine to the sea.

But kneeling at their feet,
While smiles like summer-light on shaded streams
Are gleaming from their glad and sinless dreams,
I would my prayer repeat.

In that alluring land,
The future—where, amid green, stately bowers,
Ornate with proud and crimson-flushing flowers,
Pleasure, with smooth white hand,

Beckons the young away
From glen and hillside to her banquet fair,—
Sin, the grim she-wolf, coucheth in her lair,
Ready to seize her prey.

The bright and purpling bloom
Of Nightshade and Acanthus cannot hide
The charred and bleaching bones that are denied
Taper, and chrism, and tomb.

Lord, in this midnight hour
I bring my lambs to Thee. Oh! by Thy truth,
Thy mercy, save them from th' envenomed tooth
And tempting poison-flower!

Oh, Crucified and Crowned,
Keep us! We have no shield, no guide, but Thee!
Let sorrows come—let hope's last blossom be
By Grief's dark tempest drowned.

But lead us by Thy hand,
Oh, gentlest Shepherd, till we rest beside
The still, clear waters, in the pastures wide
Of Thine own sinless land!

—[*Annie Chambers Bradford.*

JUSTINIAN AND THE PERSIAN MONKS.

SOUVENIRS OF HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

JUSTINIAN.

Justinian's chief title to immortality is the production of the splendid code of civil laws upon which the modern system of jurisprudence is founded; but to us practical Americans he is hardly less interesting as the emperor under whose auspices the rearing of silk-worms, and the manufacture of silken fabrics were first introduced into Europe.

Flavius Justinianus, born near Sardica, in Mœsia, A. D. 482 or 483, of obscure parents, was nephew by his mother's side to Justinus, afterwards emperor. The elevation of his uncle to the imperial throne, A. D. 518, decided the fortune of Justinian, who having been educated at Constantinople, had given proofs of considerable capacity and application. Justinus was ignorant and old, and the advice and exertions of his nephew were of great service to him during the nine years of his reign. He adopted Justinian as his colleague, and lastly, a few months before his death, feeling that his end was approaching, he crowned him in presence of the patriarch and senators, and made over the imperial authority to him in April, 527. Justinian was then in his forty-fifth year, and he reigned above thirty-eight years, till November, 565, when he died. His long reign forms a remarkable epoch in the history of the world. Although himself unwarlike, yet by means of his able generals Belisarius and Narses he completely defeated the Vandals and the Goths, and re-united Italy and Africa to the empire. Justinian was the last emperor of Constantinople who, by his dominion over the whole of Italy, re-united in some measure the two principal portions of the ancient empire of the Cæsars. On the side of the East the arms of Justinian repelled the inroads of Khosroes, and conquered Colchis; and the Negus or king of Abyssinia entered into an alliance with him. On the Danubian frontier the Gepidæ, Longobards, Bulgarians, and other hordes, were either kept in check or repulsed. The wars of Justinian's reign are related by Procopius and Agathias.

Justinian must be viewed also as an administrator and legislator of his vast empire. In the first capacity he did some good and much harm. He was both profuse and penurious; personally inclined to justice, he often overlooked, through weakness, the injustice of subalterns; he established monopolies of certain branches of industry and commerce, and increased the taxes. But he introduced the

rearing of silk-worms into Europe, and the numerous edifices he raised, the towns he repaired or fortified, attest his love for the arts, and his anxiety for the security and welfare of his dominions.

His introduction of the silk-worms resulted from his sagacity in turning a fortunate incident to his own advantage, and that of his country.

Anxious to obtain for his subjects a certain supply of silk, without subjecting the commerce of Byzantium to the exaction of his enemies; the emperor endeavored to wrest from the Persians some portion of their trade. In this he failed; but about the middle of the sixteenth century, when least expected the object of his hopes was placed within his reach. The labors of the silk-worm, and the method of rearing them, had been accurately observed by two Persian monks, while performing their duties as Christian missionaries, under the direction of some of the churches established in India. They communicated their information to Justinian, who, by liberal promises, induced them to undertake the task of introducing the cultivation of silk into his capital. They proceeded to China, and returned with a competent supply of the eggs of the silk-worm, concealed in a hollow cane. The eggs were hatched and the insects fed upon the leaves of the wild mulberry tree. Success attended the labors of Justinian and his pious assistants, and the worms increased so rapidly that the emperor opened the trade. In 571 scarcely twenty years after the discovery of the monks, the Turks, having learned from their tributaries, the Sogdians, that the carrying trade had greatly fallen off, sent a commission to Constantinople to form a commercial treaty with the Byzantines. The astonishment of the ambassadors can scarcely be conceived, when they found the people of Constantinople well supplied with silk of their own growth, and already rivalling the manufactures of China.

Justinian was remarkably attentive to what we call internal improvements. Procopius' 'De Edificiis Domini Justiniani,' gives a notice of the towns, temples (St. Sophia among the rest), convents, bridges, roads, walls, and fortifications, constructed or repaired under his reign. The same Procopius however wrote a secret history ('Anecdota') of the court and reign of Justinian and his wife Theodora, both of whom he paints in the darkest colors. Theodora indeed was an unprincipled woman, with some abilities, who exercised, till her death in 548, a great influence over the mind of Justinian, and many acts of oppression and cruelty were committed by her order. But yet the 'Anecdota' of Procopius cannot be implicitly trusted, as many of his charges are evidently misrepresentations or malignant exaggerations. Justinian was easy of access, patient of hearing, courteous and affable in discourse, and perfect master of his temper. In conspiracies against his authority and person he often showed both justice and clemency. He excelled in the private virtues of chastity and temperance; his meals were short and frugal: on solemn fasts he contented himself with water and vegetables, and he frequently passed two days and as many nights without tasting any food. He allowed himself little time for sleep, and was always up before the morning light. His restless application to business and to study, as well as the extent of his learning, have been attested even by his enemies ('Anecdota,' c. 8, 13). He was or professed to be a poet and philosopher, a lawyer and theologian, a musician and architect.

The glory of his reign is the famous digest of the Roman law, known generally as the *Justinian Code*, which was compiled out of the Gregorian, Theodorian, and Hermogenian codes, by ten of the ablest lawyers of the empire, under the guiding genius of the jurisconsult, Tribonian. Their labors consist—1. of the 'Statute Law,' or Justinian code, properly so called; 2. the 'Pandects,' a digest of the decisions and opinions of former magistrates and lawyers,—these two compilations consisted of matter that lay scattered through more than two thousand volumes, now reduced to fifty; 3. the 'Institutes,' an abridgment, in four books, containing the substance of all the laws in an elementary form; 4. the laws of modern date, including Justinian's own edicts, collected into one volume, and called the 'New Code.' These labors, which a Cæsar had not been able to accomplish, were completed by the year 541; and we can only lament that Christianity was not in its prime at that epoch, whereby the spirit of natural right and equity had been infused into them, in place of the dogmas of authority.

Unfortunately Justinian's love of theological controversy led him to interfere with the consciences of his subjects, and his penal enactments against Jews and heretics display a spirit of mischievous intolerance which has ever since afforded a dangerous authority for religious persecution.

Among the curious incidents of the early part of Justinian's reign, was a triumph granted to his general, the famous Belisarius, for the

conquest of Africa. He was borne through the streets of Constantinople in a triumphal chair, carried by Africans, and attended by soldiers bearing trophies; the general scattering money and other presents among the attendant multitudes. Such a display was unusual in the capital of the Eastern Empire.

Justinian died at eighty-three years of age, on the 14th November, 565, leaving no children, and was succeeded by his nephew Justinus II.

THE TRIUMPH OF BELISARIUS.

CRYSANTHEMUM.

BY M. D. R. B.

THERE is a flush of beauty in the spring;
The air is rich with fragrance, and the bowers,
Rose-clambered, seem to tempt the murm'ring wing
Of homeward bee, to linger in their flowers;
While over all the laden orchards fling,
Like drops of scented rain, their blossom showers.

And summer, too, is beautiful, with store
Of ripened fruits, and fields of waving grain;
The melting peach, deep blushing to its core,
Or crimson cherry, or the richer stain
Of crushing berries by the cottage door,
Where purp'ling grapes their clust'ring tendrils train.

But, elder autumn, thou with hazy skies
And russet mantle clad, art passing fair;
And 'midst thy treasures glows the flower I prize,
Crysanthemum—to scent the ambient air;
While asters, stars of day, with gorgeous dyes,
Seem as twin-sisters, yet no fragrance bear.

Methinks to weave a chaplet fairy-bright,
In olden time some sweet Ionian bride
Stole forth; then stood enchanted at the sight,
And named the beauteous flowers in gentle pride.
First crimson—rose-tint—then of pearly white—
But chief of all—Crysanthos—golden-eyed.*

Sweet memories to me your fragrant breath
Have borne of moments that have glided by;
Sweet friends, now clasped in the chill sleep of death,
Have looked upon you with admiring eye;
And as ye change, th' unwritten language saith,
"So shall ye fade away, so too must die."

Like ye, affection, clinging to the last,
When summer friends with sunny-hours have fled,
Shall, when the storms of life are overpast,
Its blessed comfort o'er the dying shed;
And parting brightly, gleams of glory cast,
Halos of future bliss around the dead.

* The word Crysanthemum is of Greek origin, and means golden flower.

LETTERS FROM LA RUCHE.—No. III.

The summer—the beautiful summer—is fast drawing to a close. Too short has been its season of fragrance and bloom, and we are scarcely yet ready to welcome the autumn, even though it come in colors as gorgeous as the curtains of God's tabernacle in the olden time. From my window I see

> "On the hill the golden-rod,
> And the aster in the wood,
> And the yellow sun-flower,"

Not "by the brook," as Halleck sings, but by the chickenry, which, though it would not sound quite so well in poetry, seems to be an equally attractive spot to the boys, who can clamber upon the roof to get the seeds, which, Winnie says, they sell for coffee at their miniature grocery-store in the cleft of the willow.

Quite a curiosity in its way is the "Honeycombe Grocery." There you may see a counter made of one of papa's cigar boxes turned upside down, and upon it a pair of scales, in which the commodities are weighed by Winnie, who is chosen saleswoman because she is the only one of the children small enough to find elbow-room in the store. Before her is a pile of cheeses, made by rifling the seed-vessels of the hollyhock, and at her side hangs a bunch of brooms—really pretty little things, and astonishingly well-made, of split-straws. Like all country merchants, she deals in a great variety of goods. She has cherry-stone baskets, necklaces and bracelets of cantelope seeds, and tea-kettles ingeniously made of Siberian crab-apples, by turning the stem, and running it into the side of the apple, to answer for a handle, and then sticking in a little splint for a spout. Mr. Honeycombe stands with his hands under his coat-tail, and surveys the scene with great complacency. He has not yet discerned that the beam upon which the scales are so nicely adjusted is his "Faber No. 2," stolen from the library table; nor that the nicest rolls of carpeting in the establishment were once a bundle of his choicest Havanas. He thinks as much of his cigar as Ik Marvel himself, and I am greatly mistaken if, when he shall discover the secret of the carpeting, he does not also discover that the Honeycombe blood can rise as high as the Juniper.

Children are certainly very democratic. Was there ever a boy who did not delight in mud ovens and dirt pies, or a girl who would not throw dust in the air to make clouds, and gather in her little hands sand and pebbles, to sell for sugar and loaves of bread? Sometimes when I am scrubbing the children—an operation that has to be gone through every night—I feel almost disgusted with country life, and express my fears that they will grow up coarse, and unfit for the society of gentle-folks. But Mr. Honeycombe, who generally assists at such times—in the French sense of the word, which is that he enjoys seeing the sousing and splashing, while I do all the work—Mr. Honeycombe never troubles *his* head with any such ideas.

"My dear," he says, "if our children have no uncleanness save that which pure water can wash away, we ought to be satisfied—yes, and thankful, too."

I suppose we ought, and I hope I am—*truly* thankful. But I just wish he had the scrubbing of them for a single week. Perhaps he would cease his everlasting quotation in the children's hearing of the prayer of the little Lady Hortense to Josephine:

"Oh, mamma, *do* let me go and play in that beautiful puddle!"

In my last I promised to give you a description of a country wedding which we attended a few weeks ago. The bride, a daughter of one of our tenants, and a buxom lass of nineteen, has been invaluable to me amid the many perplexities of housekeeping, consequent upon our change of residence. We were accompanied to the country by a cook who was not proof against the inconveniences to which she was exposed. Besides, there were no small footmen in the neighborhood to furnish her with flirtation—that most necessary thing to the happiness of a "demoiselle," as she called herself. We did our best to make her satisfied, for her purees and ragouts were beyond compare; but one day my husband overheard a volley of French oaths launched at our youngest boy, which determined him upon despatching her back to the city at once. The only reason he gave her for the dismissal was very characteristic of him:

"You trill your 2's too strongly, Lisette; the city will suit you better."

If men *would* tell servants of their faults, we should suffer less, and be less imposed upon by them. But Mr. Honeycombe is like all the rest—he don't approve of what he calls "kitchen thunderbolts." I do. They clear the atmosphere—but that idea is not an original one.

Of course, we could get nothing to supply Lisette's place but a stupid creature, who ex-

pected "the mistress" to teach her—a task to which I was wholly incompetent. I had recourse to the farmer's daughter, who proved a perfect treasure. True, she sometimes rolled her pretty blue eyes half out of their sockets at the odd mistakes we frequently made, and, I doubt not, had many a good laugh to herself at the ignorance which we betrayed; but she was a perfect miracle of patience, and her good humor was invincible.

One day when she and I were both busy at the churn—I wonder what my grand city friends will think when they learn that I can make butter—when we were over the churn, trying to gather some refractory butter, a young farmer from the neighborhood rode up on horseback, and asked for Mr. Honeycombe. Patty started and blushed when she heard his voice, and as I entered the house to summon my husband, I could not but feel pity for the awkward bashfulness that could be so disconcerted at the sight of a stranger. But pity was changed to amazement when I returned, to find the young farmer churning away right merrily—both Patty's hands grasped within his own, and both Patty's cheeks rivalling the "red, red rose" that hung admiringly over their heads. I heard a sound, too, that certainly was not the *breeze* kissing her lips. They both started at seeing me, and Patty, with great hesitation and confusion, said:

"This is George, ma'am."

I saw at once how matters stood, though I had never heard of "George" before; so I shook hands with him, and said, inquiringly:

"You are a friend of Patty's?"

"Yes, ma'am." Then, drawing himself up quite proudly, and with a manly air, he added:

"I hope to be her *husband*, soon."

"Indeed!"

Patty's face burned like fire, and saying something about the butter, she turned round quickly to the churn, and made it fairly fly.

"Well, George," I said, as I ushered him into Mr. Honeycombe's study, "you will have a good wife—you must be kind to her."

"If I *don't* be"—the rest was expressed by a shake of the head, that threatened all manner of punishments to Patty's delinquent husband.

I left him at the library door, and returned to Patty, who made a voluntary confession that she and George were to be married the ensuing week, providing the hay-harvest should be over. To my inquiry as to what the hay-harvest had to do with her nuptials, she replied, naively, that her father and brothers couldn't spare the time till their work was done, and, besides, they would want the barn for dancing. She ended by inviting the family, children and all, to the wedding.

I accepted the invitation with more pleasure than Patty imagined, for both Mr. Honeycombe and myself were anxious to meet our country neighbors, in order to convince them, if possible, that we were not the proud city folks they seemed to imagine. They had evidently taken a prejudice against us—not from anything which we had done, but because they fancied that we considered ourselves better than they.

As the light-hearted girl tripped off on her homeward way, I sat down on a bench at the kitchen door, and dropping my folded hands upon my white apron, murmured—"the barn for dancing!" Memory rushed away at full speed, and brought back to my mind, in a twinkling, a vision of "long ago"—a stately mansion thronged with fashionable friends—a pale bride in her floating veil and snowy orange flowers—a fair train of smiling maidens—a solemn prayer—a more solemn vow—tears, congratulations, and adieus. And here was a simple creature whose wishes were bounded by a dance in the barn, a father's blessing, and a home with the man of her choice! Where was the difference between them? Life and happiness are equally dear to both, and before the great white Throne they will stand side by side at the last day. "It is not *there*," I murmured.

At this moment Mr. Honeycombe appeared at the door. My eye fell upon a volume of Chaucer in his hand, and, as he took his seat beside me, I said aloud:

"Yes; I see now."

"You see?—what, my dear? Why have you been sitting there like a statue for the last ten minutes, instead of delivering Patty's wedding invitation, which I overheard from the library window?"

"I was trying to discover the difference between these country people and ourselves. Your Chaucer has answered me—it is in *mind*. We can never assimilate with them, it is vain to make the effort."

"Yes, we can. We'll let *mind* alone, and try *heart*. *That's* the same all the world over. Perhaps they can eclipse us there—eh, wife?"

Either the deep, tender expression of my husband's face, or the sun, which just then darted at me through the trellis, brought the tears to my eyes, and I said nothing.

"What are you crying for, my dear?"

Now I dislike *sentiment*—in people as old as we are—so I replied:

"Pshaw! I'm not crying, Mr. Honeycombe. I was only going to snee——"

So I sneezed, and there was the end of it.

Well—to skip over what I have no time to tell, behold us all at two o'clock in the afternoon, ready for Patty's bridal. Winnie's petite figure looked fairy-like in her white dress and fluttering ribbons, and the boys, in their holiday coats and happy faces, were enough to make any parent feel proud. As they danced along to the music of their own light hearts, I could not but breathe a prayer that they might ever be as guileless as now.

When ready to start, I was quite surprised to see Tom, in his "strawberry suit," prepared to accompany us, and turned to request him to stay at home, when Charley caught the expression of my eye, and put in a plea for him in the shape of an especial invitation from Patty herself, which I could not gainsay. But a kind of Juniper feeling came over me, and I said to Mr. Honeycombe:

"Well, this is really a little *too* democratic—what do *you* think, Monsieur Egalite?"

My husband laughed, and asked for the grape-scissors. I caught his idea, and in a few minutes we had a waiter mounted on Tom's head, filled with luscious fruit, as a gift to the bride. It was astonishing what a difference that waiter made—Tom was now undoubtedly a *servant!*

Our little party was kindly received and welcomed by Patty's father, who stood at the door. The other guests had already arrived, and we joined them in the parlor, where they were seated in solemn silence, as if gathered for a funeral. The children nestled close to me, and evidently began to think the occasion not so joyous after all, and Tom kept guard over the grapes, which he had placed on the table, near the door.

Pretty soon the frightened bride appeared, leaning on her father's arm, and followed by George and the minister—the former rejoicing in a bright, yellow waistcoat, and the latter looking as if he had come over in the May-Flower. Patty's simple muslin dress was pretty and becoming; and the Ayreshire roses drooped in her hair, as if in sympathy with maiden modesty. I could not but wish that the bridegroom had the gloves, which Mr. Honeycombe had quietly slipped into his pocket, upon finding that other guests wore none. Those great, brawny hands did very well at the churn, but when they came to hold Patty's at the altar, it was quite a different thing. I said so to Mr. Honeycombe afterwards, and he quoted something about "clean hands and a pure heart"—from the Bible, I believe.

The nasal ceremony was at last concluded and George saluted his bride with such a smack that Patty *must* have felt ashamed of him. I'm sure *I* did. I looked round, to see what effect it had upon the rest, and, bless me!—you might have supposed that the whole company had been married together—such a shaking of hands and kissing—absolutely *kissing!*—among the young people. I could scarcely conceal my disgust, but just then my husband crossed the room, and asked me to go and congratulate the newly-married pair. As I rose, he whispered:

"Don't look so *superior*, my dear. Remember that this is the custom among these honest people."

"'Tis abominable!" I muttered; "do let us go home."

"No, no—we must stay now—they'll adjourn to the barn presently—don't you hear the fiddle? I want to have a dance."

"You?"

"Yes, indeed, and *you* too, my dear."

"Never!"

The barn was swept clean—two rusty old fiddlers were perched up among the hay, and in a little while the floor was covered with dancers. It was really an exhilarating scene, and, ere long, I forgot my disgust and revelled in the perfect nature around me. There was no gliding languidly through the dance—none of the stately grace of the ball room; but a wild, happy *abandon*—a perfect revel of jollity and mirth. Up, and down, and across—round and round they flew—Mr. Honeycombe and the children in the midst of them. Winnie's blue ribbons flitting like wings past me, and the merry shouts of the boys greeting me at every whirl. I gazed till my head grew dizzy, and then turned to watch a couple who, not having joined the dancers, had gradually become so wholly engrossed with each other as to lose sight of all else. The young man was weaving into tresses scarcely less golden than themselves, the yellow ears of wheat that hung above his head; ever and anon whispering into those other ears beneath them, words that made the maiden's cheek glow and her eyes sparkle as, it was plain, only *his* words could. Occasionly she threw her timid glance upward to his face, as he bent over her, but only to cast it down again in greater confusion, with a deeper color in her face, and, I know, a wilder beating at her heart.

"Ah!" said I to myself: "we shall have another wedding before long."

"George" now came up, and solicited my hand for a dance. I was about to decline when a glance from Mr. Honeycombe changed my mind, and soon I was whirling away as I had not done since I was fourteen years of age—the Queen of May at a juvenile festival. I pinched myself and said:

"Maria Honeycombe, can this be *you*? Have you taken leave of your senses?"

I believe I have fair reader, to have so long detained you with my story; therefore, adieu!

MARIA HONEYCOMBE.

La Ruche, Sept. 30th, '56.

MY PETS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I HAD a little chicken,
With feathers black and white,
And eyes that shone like diamonds,
They were so very bright;
And I loved my little chicken,
And called him darling bird!
And he'd say to me the sweetest things
That ever mortal heard!
But a wild hawk saw my chicken,
And he looked with evil eye,
And one day he pounced and caught him,
While sailing slyly by;
And I saw my little chicken,
And heard his last, faint cry.

A sweet, white lamb I petted
Till he knew my lightest call,
And when he saw me coming
He'd leap the pasture wall;
And he'd bleat and frisk in gladness,
And lay his gentle head
Upon my arm, ne'er heeding all
The clover blossoms red;
But a dog killed my dear lammie,
And I heard his bleat no more,
When I went at morn to meet him
Out at the open door—
But I'll ne'er forget the peaceful look
My poor, dead lammie wore.

And then, a soft-furred kitten
Claimed my love and kindest care,
And as I stroked her gently
I thought her wondrous fair;
And she sang to me so sweetly,
That I closed my eyes in dreams
Of cool and golden mornings
By lazy-flowing streams;
But I loved her all too fondly,
She pined, and ceased to sing,
And ere long she closed her starry eyes—
Dear little loving thing!
And once again was rent in twain
Love's precious signet ring.

Then I placed my love on flow'rets,
But the violets passed away—
And the daffodils were fragrant
But they lasted scarce a day;
The lilacs bent in beauty
Their royal purple plumes,
But they faded with the spring-time
And blushing apple blooms;
And the tall and stately dahlia—
I hardly thought it frail—
But autumn breathed upon it
And the velvet leaves grew pale—
And the pure white mountain lily
Trembled in the icy gale.

Disappointment's ever with me—
My love's a fatal thing!
O, will the future's coming time
A bright fruition bring?
This doubt, and fear, and trembling,
Are wearing me away!
O, when will dawn upon my soul
The glory-curtained day?
I dare not love one fondly,
Lest he should pine and die,
And I be left thrice lonely here
At sund'ring this fond tie!
O, was I born fore'er to weep—
Fore'er to mourn and sigh!

DELIGHT IN MUSIC.

AT last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even silence
Was took ere she was 'ware, and wished she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
And took in streams that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death. —[*Milton.*

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE FIRST VISIT.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"And I am really going to the city to see cousin Hester, and all of the grand sights there! Oh! mamma, mamma! won't it be delightful?" And little Carrie Leigh fluttered about the sitting-room of the comfortable, old-fashioned farm-house, in wild delight at this anticipated visit to her uncle John May's, who lived in the great city about which his little niece had dreamed, and after which she had longed all the days of her life, which seemed a great many more to Carrie than her grandfather's did to him.

Every summer cousin Hester and her father came to the farm-house, for the little girl's mother was laid under the sod before she could remember.

Carrie and Hester loved each other very much, and her summer visit was always the happiest, most eventful part of the former's life. Such rare sport as they used to have, driving the cows through the pastures, hunting for eggs in the barn, gathering berries in the woods, tumbling among the fresh hay, and no matter how pale were the cheeks Hester brought up from the city, she always carried them back the color of the red apples that grew by the stone wall just opposite Carrie's home.

But with the first December snow-fall there came a letter from uncle John to Carrie's mother, and thus ran a portion of it:

"Dear Jane:—I am very desirous that our children should pass the holidays together. Just pack up little Dobbin, (the pet name which he had appropriated to his niece,) and send her off down here. We'll take the very best care of her, and show her all the wonderful sights of this great city. Now, don't shake your head, for Hester has quite set her heart upon this visit."

And smoothing down fondly the yellow braids of her darling's hair, Carrie's mother answered to those pleading eyes, "My little girl shall go."

Well, Carrie came to the city, and for two days she was in a state of constant surprise, admiration, and bewilderment, of which my pen would fail to give any conception.

The long rows of tall brick houses, the great, yellow, lumbering omnibuses, the women carrying baskets of fish on their heads, and the eternal discordant jangling of carriage wheels and human voices, kept the little girl oscillating between curiosity and vague alarm all the while.

Hester was very, very glad to see her cousin, but she had taken a severe cold, and her father was not willing she should go out until the third day of Carrie's arrival. He succeeded, however, in making the children so happy at home, that neither regretted this.

But there came a soft, goldenish day into the heart of December, that reminded one of springing grass and early May-time; and at dinner the indulgent father and uncle gave the little girls permission to go out, adding: "I am very sorry my business will prevent my accompanying you, but you must pioneer your cousin round the best you know how, Hester."

In a little while the girls were ready. Hester looked very pretty in her tasteful white hat, with the snowy plume coiling around it, and her cloak of azure-colored satin was a very dainty bit of French inspiration.

But Carrie's hood and cloak, though very neat and comfortable, gave, unmistakable evidence of home manufacture. The brown merino had been the wedding cloak of Carrie's mother, and though she had carefully turned and rejuvenated it for this visit, still there was a forcible contrast between it and her cousin Hester's.

"I do wish Carrie was dressed a little more fashionably," thought her cousin; "that bonnet and hood do look dreadful countrified to go on Chestnut street. It's very strange aunt Jane didn't consider how important it is that people should be well dressed in the city; but it can't be helped. I hope we sha'n't meet anybody I'm very particular about."

As for Carrie, the thought never entered her innocent little cranium that her cousin had any reason to be ashamed of her, so she kept close to her, staring eagerly around, and wondering if almost all the people in the world were not in Philadelphia.

Their walk was a very long one, and the short December day was drawing into night, when they turned home. They were not far from this, when Hester suddenly discovered several of her schoolmates, very fashionable girls, coming down the street. A meeting was inevitable.

Now Hester, though really a very good-hearted child, and though she loved her cousin dearly, had little moral courage, without which any character, be it that of child or man, is imperfect. "They'll stare, and laugh at her, I know they will. Oh, dear! what shall I do!" thought the child; and then came a strong desire to get rid of her cousin.

"Look here, Carrie," she said, hurriedly, acting on this selfish feeling, which made a coward of her; "there are some girls I want to see a moment. You just turn down this street, and cross three others, then take the one on your right hand, and it will lead you straight home."

"But I can't find the way. I know I shall be lost. Do let me stay with you, Hester!"

"Nonsense, dear; you can't possibly miss it. Just look out sharp, there's a good girl. I know you'll excuse me. There's the street straight before you." Hester spoke very rapidly, half-coaxing, half-impatient, and Carrie was a yielding little girl; but it was with a great heart-flutter she turned down the broad, strange street.

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"Hasn't Carrie come?" asked Hester, eagerly, half an hour later, as the girl opened the door of the large boarding-house where she resided.

"No, miss, she hasn't come in." No wonder Hester's heart smote her with reproach and alarm as she went into the parlor, and watched and waited with impatience that soon grew into torture, for the little, girlish figure, with the gray hood, that would have gladdened her eyes more than any other object in the world.

"Why, my daughter, what makes you look so pale?" asked Hester's father, as he entered the parlor, and found the little, anxious face pressed up against the window panes.

The child burst into tears, and, quite overcome with her fears for Carrie, she related the whole circumstance of her leaving her cousin in the street, and what had induced her to do this.

Mr. May's face grew stern at the close, and he said, in a voice such as he had never used to his child before: "I would not have believed this of my little girl for the whole world."

—

Late that night a cry broke into happy parlors, where little children were playing joyously, and mothers drew their fair babes closer to their hearts with a shudder, as that loud, hoarse cry, the most solemn, the most fearful the street holds, rolled along the thoroughfares—"Child lost! child lost!"

It was almost midnight when a little girl was brought back to the boarding-house, by two coarse, but kind-hearted men.

What Hester and her father had endured during those five hours, I leave you to guess, for surely I cannot attempt to paint it.

But, alas for poor Carrie! She had lost her way, and in attempting to cross the street, all unused as she was to the city, she had grown dizzy and bewildered. A frightened horse had rushed past suddenly, thrown her down, and the wheel passing over her left arm, had broken it. The men had taken charge of her, and brought her home as soon as they dared to remove her.

I cannot tell with what tears of remorse, and anguish, and pity, Hester hung over the little invalid, by night and by day, and would not resign her place even when aunt Jane came down to the city to take entire charge of her little girl.

"Oh! Carrie, Carrie! can you forgive me my wicked, foolish pride?" sobbed the child, a score of times, as she leaned over the pillows where her cousin lay. And without speaking a word, Carrie would wind her well arm tenderly around her cousin's neck, and kiss away the tears—no other reply was needed.

Well, before the spring dawned, Carrie was quite well again, but Hester had learned a lesson which she never forgot, and she was never ashamed of walking on Chestnut street with her country cousin again.

Mothers' Department.

THE BROKEN THREAT.—A STORY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

"What had we better do for the children on New Year's, Ralph? Of course they'll be expecting something in the way of enjoyment, and I don't know what in the world it shall be?" And the fair young mother laid down for a moment the child's dress she was embroidering, and looked up questioningly in the face of the gentleman who sat on the opposite side of the table, deeply immersed in politics and prices.

He laid down his paper a moment. "Well, really, I don't know what to say, Jane. It's easy enough to *fudge* up something that will please them, I suppose. What did you do last year?"

"Oh, I gave them a party. But that's so much trouble, and then some of the children are sure to get sick, with eating cakes and confectionery—no, another child's party is out of the question."

"Well, then, what do you think of a ride, most likely a sleigh ride; for the clouds were gathering heavy and fast when I came home from the office."

"That's just the thing, Ralph, dear. Howard and Effie will enjoy it so much." And Mrs. Young clasped her hands with a girlish sort of grace and gladness, which even motherhood had not entirely banished from her manners.

"We can go down to the shore and see the skating, and they'll be as happy (precious little dears!) as birds among apple buds all the morning. Oh, I do *hope* it will snow!"

"Well, I think my dear, your hopes will be realised before morning." And the gentleman resumed his paper, and the lady her sewing, while the wind stormed and strengthened without, as though it

was shrieking out a wild defiance to the year that was coming! coming!

"A sleigh ride, mamma! Oh, goody! goody!" What a clapping of hands, and dancing of feet, and shouting of glad child-voices, followed the announcement.

They were very pretty children, but delicate, and with rather a hot-house-plant look. Howard, a boy of seven, was two years older than his sister, and his dark eyes, and that curly chestnut hair, were like his father's; but Effie's sunny face, with its rosy cheeks, and rosier lips, were all her mother's.

"Yes, dear children, we will go away down to the shore, and round by the park, this afternoon; the day is so very beautiful, and the snow-fall of last night has made the travelling delightful. Now you will be very good, won't you, in view of the afternoon's enjoyment?"

"To be sure I will," stoutly affirmed Howard. "What must I do to be good?"

"You mustn't play with the fire any more, my boy—you will remember now? I must leave you and little sister here for half an hour. Promise me, Howard, that you will not go too near the grate, or attempt to light any papers there."

"I promise you, mother." And the boy meant it, as he put up his mouth for his mother's kiss.

Mrs. Young's "half-hour" of absence doubled and trebled itself; for she was supervising the dinner pastry, which on this occasion was, of course, an extra matter.

Now Howard was a restless, daring sort of a boy, delighting greatly in dangerous hap-hazard adventures, and certain to place his neck in imminent peril several times each day of his life.

He, however, behaved remarkably well this New Year's morning. He told Effie the last story he had read in the "Child's Cabinet," and then he played "*come to see you*," with commendable patience for half an hour, seeing it was a "girl's play," and Howard had an instinctive feeling that it derogated somewhat from his dignity to join in these.

But at last, the boy grew very tired, and then while Effie sang "lullaby," he went and stood near the grate, watching the amber flames coil around the black heaps of coal.

At last he took an old paper that lay on the floor. "I'm not going to light it," he whispered, while every movement of his restless fingers indicated plainly how they fairly *ached* to do this.

Closer and closer he drew to the flames, holding the paper nearer to the little red skeins of flame, that tangled along the edges of the grate, and at last a corner of the paper caught one of these. Howard bent forward with a low, exultant cry; he had lighted the paper; he had disobeyed his mother.

Then with his usual recklessness, he ran all about the room, laughing as his little sister cried out in terror, and the flame broadened and brightened along the paper, and almost scorched his hand, when he rushed with it to the grate, and a moment later there was nothing left of this to tell the story of his disobedience.

A few minutes after Mrs. Young entered the room hastily. "Oh, you're doing nicely, children. Have you been a good boy, and not played with the fire, Howard?"

How he wished he had not done this, as every one *must* wish, sooner or later, for the wrong-doing. But it was too late now. So all the moral cowardice rose up in Howard Young's heart—he blushed and hesitated.

"My son," said his mother gravely, "you know what I said about the ride. Have you played with the fire?"

"No, mamma." It seemed as if a shiver had crept down into Howard's heart, as his lips uttered this falsehood.

"Why, Howard, what a big story! I saw you run all around the room with the paper burning;" spoke up the soft voice of Effie.

"Howard, my child, have you told me a falsehood?" said the mother, grieved and shocked at this double disobedience of her son. His burning cheek, his drooping eyes, answered her.

Then she called him to her side, and talked to him a long time of the sin he had committed against God and his own soul. Howard was melted to tears of penitence and shame, and when his mother rising up said earnestly, "You remember, Howard, that I told you you could not go with us this afternoon, if you disobeyed me," he felt in his soul that hard as was the punishment, he deserved it.

"It's too bad, after all, to disappoint the child so severely," murmured Mrs. Young, as she arranged her hair before the mirror. "I sha'n't enjoy myself one bit, thinking of the poor little fellow, left here all alone. It's so natural for him to be in mischief, and maybe he didn't think when he told the story.

"His father knows nothing of it, and I've a good mind to run down to the nursery, and tell Howard he may go."

Just then the merry "jangling" of the bells broke up into her chamber. It was more than the weak heart of the mother could bear, and so, for getting her son's future welfare in the present good, Mrs. Young hurried down stairs, and broke into the nursery with these words: "There! make haste, Howard, and get your cap and shawl; I've concluded to let you go this time, after all." She thought, (the fond mother,) that she was repaid, as she saw the little wistful face pressed against the window pane brighten, and bound forward with a "hurra!"

But it was a pity the mother did not hear Howard's undertone to his sister, as they stood on the door-step, five minutes later. "I don't believe, after all, Effie, there's any great harm in playing with fire, or telling stories, either; for you see if there had been mamma wouldn't have said I might go in the end. Then I should like to know if she hasn't told as big a story as I have, because she said at first, I should certainly stay at home?"

Oh! Howard Young, mounting with your bright face and boyish glee into the sleigh, how great a wound has the loving mother that awaits you there, left upon your soul!

And now, loving, tender-hearted, self-sacrificing mother, who shall read this tale, has it no lesson for you?

Remember your daily life is writing its inerasable inscriptions upon the hearts of your children, and that you are responsible for that weak tenderness which regards more their present enjoyment than their future good; which does not discipline and prepare them for the work and the storms that *must* come!

"Verily I say unto you, you shall not lose your reward!" V. F. T.

Health Department.

Watchers for the Sick.—The custom of having night watchers for the sick, says an observant writer, as usually managed, is very injurious. Sick persons need the most perfect quiet, and hence absence from all disturbing and irritating causes. The presence of strangers in the sick chamber is always unfavorable to the repose of the patient, and the burning of lights renders anything like natural rest or sound sleep impossible. Next to the absurdity of dosing a sick person with some nauseous drug every two or three hours, is that of preventing his rest by watchers; and when two persons watch together in a sick room, their conversation or whispering is often worse for the patient than the disease itself.

Benefit of the Springs.—A lady brought a child to a physician, to consult him about its precious health. Among other things she inquired if he did not think the springs would be useful?

"Certainly, madam," replied the doctor, as he eyed the child, and then took a large pinch of snuff. "I haven't the least hesitation in recommending the springs—and the sooner you apply the remedy the better."

"You really think it would be good for the dear little thing, don't you?"

"Upon my word, it's the best remedy I know of."

"What springs would you recommend, doctor?"

"Any will do, madam, where you can get plenty of *soap and water*."

Ventilation.—The bees, which live thousands of them together, in a close hive, want fresh air as much as human beings do; and they have a way of their own of procuring it. A great many of them place themselves in rows, and hold up their wings, and then fan them quickly backwards and forwards, driving the air before them, and so making an artificial wind. This plan would answer very well in human dwellings, too. Men might follow the example of the bees, if they had no easier plan by which the same end could be gained. But it fortunately happens that there is a much easier plan, which their reason tells them will do quite as well. The fresh air will pass through rooms of its own accord, if a free passage is left for it. There must, however, be both a way for it out of the room and an entrance by which it may come in; otherwise there will be scarcely any movement in it. If only one opening is left, the air will not flow through that opening either outwards or inwards. But, if one of the top window-panes be taken out from its frame, and a plate of zinc full of small holes be put into its place, or if a tube of zinc, filled with small holes and open at the outer end, be made to pass through either the top of the wall, or the roof of the room, and then holes be made through the bottom of the door of equal size and number, a gentle wind will blow constantly through the room with enough force to keep its air pure, the poisonous vapor will be mixed with the air in the room, and will flow out in a constant stream through the holes in the zinc plate, and pure fresh air to the same amount will run in by the holes in the bottom of the door.

Indirect Suicide.—Wearing thin shoes and cotton stockings on damp nights, and in cool, rainy weather. Wearing insufficient clothing, and especially upon the limbs and extremities.

Leading a life of enfeebling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in an unnatural state of excitement by reading trashy novels. Going to theatres, parties and balls, in all sorts of weather, in the thinnest possible dress. Dancing till in a complete perspiration, and then going home without sufficient over-garments, through the cool, damp air.

Sleeping on feather beds in seven-by-nine bedrooms, without ventilation at the top of the windows, and especially with two or more persons in the small unventilated bedroom.

Surfeiting on hot and very stimulating dinners. Eating in a hurry, without half masticating the food, and eating heartily before going to bed every night, when the mind and body are exhausted by the toils of the day and the excitement of the evening.

Keeping children quiet by giving paregoric and cordials, by teaching them to suck candy, and by supplying them with raisins, nuts, and rich cake. When they are sick, by giving them *mercury*, *tartar emetic* and *arsenic*, under the mistaken notion that they are medicines and not irritant poisons.

Allowing the love of gain to absorb our minds, so as to leave no time to attend to our health. Following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

USEFUL RECIPES.

BROWN GRAVIES.—No. 1.—The following is very good for brown sauce, and also for every kind of roast meat, game, or poultry; and a gill of it may be used to give a color to every kind of broth, instead of coloring, or burnt onions. As there is a little difficulty to make it properly, it should only be done on particular occasions.

Grease the bottom of the pot with about two ounces of fat, butter, or drippings; cut four onions in thick slices crossways, lay them on the bottom, and place over them three pounds of leg or shin of beef, or clod and sticking; cut it slantway in pieces, chop the bone, then add too teaspoonfuls of salt, half a spoonful of pepper; set it on the fire until it begins to hiss, which indicates that all the moisture is dispersed; reduce the heat of the fire by throwing ashes on the top; put on the pan with the cover over. Let the onions stew until quite brown, but not burnt, and the fat is as clear as oil, which you will easily perceive by holding the pot or pan on one side, the contents of which will be smoking hot, and stick to the bottom, though not burning; immediately add five pints of cold water; when boiling, skim and simmer one hour; pass through the sieve, and put by till wanted. It will keep for many days in winter, and also in summer, by boiling it every other day, with the addition of half a gill of water added to it now and then.

No. 2.—The remains of roast or boiled meats, game, poultry, &c., may be added, cut up, and the bones broken, using only half the quantity of meat. The meat may be taken out and served separate, with a mustard, or any sharp sauce.

The addition of cloves, (say four,) a little mace, carrots, turnips, and celery, and a few sweet herbs, will vary the flavor of the gravy.

RABBITS IN FRYING PAN.—Cut them in pieces, remove all superfluous bones, beat each piece flat, season them with pepper and salt, place the pan on the fire with two ounces of fat, put in it two onions, sliced, and then the rabbit; they will take twenty minutes or more to do, gently; remove the pieces of rabbit; have the liver, heart and brains chopped up with a little parsley, and fry with the remaining fat; when done, pour off part of the fat; add a gill of water, season it; give it a boil, and pour over the rabbit. A little curry may be added, and boiled rice, served separate.

SOYER'S DIRECTION HOW TO MAKE PIES TO PERFECTION.—When your paste is carefully made, which requires no more time than doing badly, and your pies and tarts properly full—(this is the last and most important process in pie and tart making)—throw a little flour on your paste-board, take about a quarter of a pound of your paste, which roll with your hand, say an inch in circumference; moisten the rim of your pie-dish, and fix the paste equally on it with your thumb. When you have rolled your paste for the covering of an equal thickness, in proportion to the contents of your pie (half an inch is about correct for the above description,) fold the cover in two, lay on the half of your pie, turn the other half over, press slightly with your thumb round the rim, cut neatly the rim of your paste, form rather a thick edge, which mark with a knife about every quarter of an inch apart; mark, holding your knife in a slanting direction, which gives it a neat appearance; make two small holes on the top; egg over with a paste-brush; if no egg, use a drop of milk or water; the remaining paste may be shaped to fanciful designs, to ornament the top. For meat pies, notice, that if your paste is either too thick or too thin, the covering too narrow or too short, and requires pulling one way or the other, to make it fit, your pie is sure to be imperfect, the covering no longer protecting the contents. It is the same with meat; and if the paste happens to be rather rich, it pulls the rim of the pie to the dish, soddens the paste, makes it heavy, and, therefore, indigestible as well as unpalatable. A little practice and common sense will remedy all those little housewifery tribulations, and probably improve the appearance of this series of dishes.

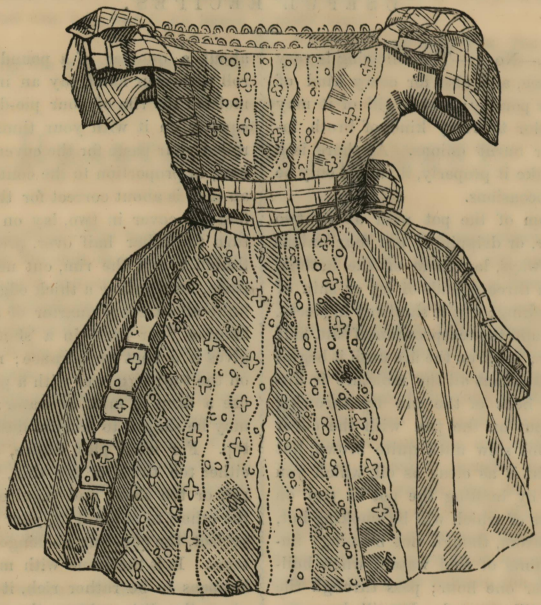
ELEGANT BREAD PUDDING.—Take light white bread, and cut it in thin slices. Put into a pudding shape a layer of any sort of preserves, thin a slice of bread, and repeat until the mould is almost full. Pour over all a pint of warm milk, in which four well-beaten eggs have been mixed; cover the mould with a piece of linen, place in a saucepan with a little boiling water, let it boil twenty minutes, and serve with pudding sauce.

HEAD CHEESE.—Take some tongues, feet, and head of tender pork—and any fragments of meat on hand, clean, and scrape as for souse, boiling till the meat falls off, chop it small, flavor to taste, mixing it in well, put in a forcer or cheese hoop, and press, with plate on top and a weight over; in two or three days it will be ready for use.

CREAM CAKE.—Four cups of flour, three of sugar, one of butter, one of cream, five eggs, one tablespoonful of pearlash; mix the butter and sugar together first, then add the rest.

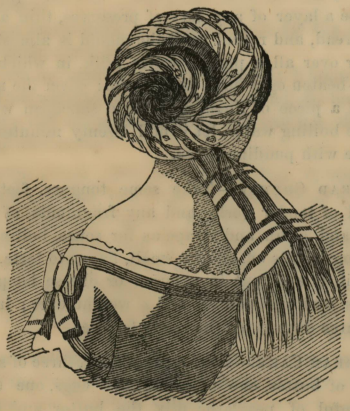
TURKEY PATTIES.—Mince some of the white part, and with grated lemon, nutmeg, salt, a very little white pepper, cream, and a very little bit of butter warmed, fill the patties.

THE TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.



CHILD'S DRESS.

This dress is for a child of a year and a half, or two years old. It is of cambric, embroidered in front with a neat ribbon sash of any appropriate color.



HEAD DRESS WITH ELEGANT PERSIAN SCARF.

Head dress for a concert or evening party. A light Persian scarf of azure and gold, twisted into a bandeaux behind.

HEAD DRESS FOR DINNER OR EVENING.

The hair is arranged in smooth, full bands, under a light piece of Honiton, or guipure, ornamented by loops and flowing ends of rose-colored taffeta ribbon, with heavy black satin stripes.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1857.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT.

EXPLANATION OF THE PICTURE-PLATE.

Toilette of the Mother.—Carriage or promenade dress of cherry-colored taffetas, relieved in weaving by dispositions brochees in black. The high neck is surmounted by a narrow lace collar, and the body closes in front with double hanging buttons of *passementerie a la Montespan*, without basques; but a knot of cherry ribbon, with short ends, trims the front point. Sleeves plain at the head and cut very large at the bottom *a demi pagode*, and four inches below the arm-hole is the upper puff, of two or three, extending to the elbow, the end of the sleeve continuing to about three inches above the wrist, and plain. It is usual to run a row of narrow black lace between the puffs of the sleeve, and not unfrequently five rows of narrow scolloped lace, trims the body across the stomach. The full under-sleeves of jaconette close closely at the wrist by a double-button over the tops of the long drab or russet-colored gloves, confined at the wrist by a cameo, jet, or hair bracelet.

Another favorite style of this dress is a *Leouise* blue *pekin* silk, woven in silver stripes the size of a straw, and three inches apart, the body much like the one just described and mounted with black lace, of which there are three rows ran from the waist, to the bottom of the skirt, the front rows approaching at the waist, and a half yard apart at the bottom; and the two outer rows, on each side of the front, are a yard apart at the bottom. This walking dress is rather more appropriate for a young lady than for a married woman. Another style, though equally appropriate for married and single, is a grey taffetas, cut high at the neck, and with basques, disposing the three flounces of the skirt so that they diminish in depth to the waist; the skirt of the body being the basque, appearing as if forming the fourth flounce, all harmoniously graduated in width, widening regularly from the waist to the bottom. The body and skirt are decorated with narrow pointed guipure, in two rows, which run from the bottom of the basque, in front over the shoulder and around the neck; the outer one passing over the tips of the shoulders, under which there are three rows down the sleeve, five inches to a very large balloon-puff, from under which the rows of guipure continue to the three-quarter length sleeve, disclosing the puffed ends of the white guipure under-sleeves, in keeping with the square-cornered lace collars. Rows of black guipure lace trim the flounces in longitudinal rows ten inches apart. The skirt should not be so long as to trail upon the side-walks, to assist which, the heels to the gaiter-boots are made quite high, and frequently of fine calf-skin and morocco, in preference to lasting; the soles should be thick in the centre, with the edges pared, to give them a light appearance, and they should be spread with a light layer of corrugated india-rubber, and in the inside an extra and detachable cork sole should be worn. This style of dressing the feet for winter is much better than the long boots of leather and of india-rubber, which many of our ladies sport in Broadway.

Bonnet, of black crape, the deep curtain and front edged in Vandyke points. Under the border is garnished with white blonde, cherries, flowers and foliage in velvet. The crown is relieved with bands and knots of black velvet, and with ends of black and cherry-colored feathers, frizzed. Brides of rich white ribbon, with cherry-colored striped edges.

Parasol, of white silk, strained quite flat upon the ribs, and not so hollow as formerly, because the scolloped edges of it are finished with a deep fringe, which renders it an article to enhance the interest of coquetry and side glances, as much as does the present transparent fan; but the fan has the advantage in reflecting its scarlet tinge to the features of a pale beauty.

Mantelet.—The favorite material is grey *moire antique*, or black taffetas, the border of the garment, cape, and collar edged widely with chinchilla, sable, or their imitation in plush, to which is added the ornament of *passementerie*, terminating in little tassels.

Toilette of a little girl.—Dress of pearl grey taffetas, decorated with a bias of tartan taffetas, and with black velvet buttons. Chemisette, under-sleeves, and pantelets of embroidered jaconette. Straw bonnet, almost covered with velvet and moss trimmings, and with corals and blonde under the border. Stockings of white Scotch yarn; lace boots of grey taffetas, tipped with patent leather; drab kid gloves; bracelets of gold and amber. The whole costume may be of Irish poplin, or of cashmerette, with an effect full as enlivening as of taffetas or *poult de soie*.

Toilette of a little boy.—Blouse, double-breasted, trimmed with velvet ribbon and buttons. The skirt is cut separate, and fulled on to a waistband, supported by suspenders; and the body is cut long enough to cover the top of the skirt. Shirt and pantaloons of jaconette; cravat-tie of black satin; stockings plaided in blue and red; patent leather shoes, and gaiters of grey cassimere, and jet buttons. There is no change in the style of *dog* since last reported.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS.

Out-door Dresses.—The materials now employed to supersede those lighter textures previously adopted for walking-dresses, are silk in rich and sombre hues, and the various fabrics composed of wool, or of an admixture of wool and silk. Many

of these are figured in clan tartan patterns. Velvet *glacé* supersedes *moire antique* for carriage dress.

In Paris, the under-cap worn beneath the bonnet, whether for blonde or brunette, must be wholly of black net quilling—this is *de rigueur*, and distinguishes the bonnet of this year's make from that of the past season. Bonnets must all have transparent edges, whether of solid materials or not; they are flexible, and no first-rate modiste will ever make the edges stiff henceforth. In the black net *dessous* no bright flowers are admissible; these must all be of subdued tints, such as the dun-colored carnation, violet, pale, dim anemones, &c.

For the amazon, the riding-hat which has obtained greatest favor, is the *chapeau imperatrice*. It is of black velvet, and is set flat on the head, the brim being narrower behind than in front. It is bordered with lace, but has no trimming whatever on the outside, while beneath the brim two large bunches of roses, mixed with black lace, from whence hang the broad brides of rich black ribbon.

With the body of a riding dress the stays should be made to lace in front, which facilitates the flexible movement of the bust.

The new elastic petticoat, made with joints, has completely extinguished all the others, as it yields to pressure, and possesses the virtue of silence. It is a success.

For bonnets, black lace, very light in texture and pattern, is now much employed, in combination with velvet and ribbon, for trimming bonnets. Those ornamented with cross rows of velvet, and having black lace intermingled with other trimming, are among the most fashionable. A bonnet of black velvet is trimmed round the edge with a narrow twist of black and amber-color velvet; a lappet of black lace crossing the top, passes round to the back of the bonnet, and falls over the curtain: a bird of paradise, variegated in golden hues, completes the outside trimming. In the inside, a narrow row of amber-color velvet edges the brim, and the trimming consists of white blonde and foliage, in black and amber velvet. A bonnet in this same style has been made, with the substitution of green for amber-color velvet. Instead of the bird of paradise, two small ostrich feathers are employed, the one green, and the other black, both drooping on the same side of the bonnet; and the cap is trimmed with bouquets of roses, and green and black velvet foliage. Scarlet is becoming a favorite color for trimming black velvet bonnets.

Over Dresses.—*The Princess.*—The cloak shown in our illustration is distinguished by the name of the "Princess." It is a travelling cloak, and in respect to form and texture it is calculated to secure convenience and comfort. It is made of warm woollen material, chequered in shades of grey. It is confined at the back of the waist, and has loose sleeves. The trimming consists of broad silk fringe, in shades corresponding with the cloak. Bands of plush may be substituted for the fringe, as taste may dictate.

Travelling Manteau.—This comfortable garment is made of grey cloth, with a cape forming a point in front. The sleeves are very wide; the whole bound with velvet.

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Furs.—The sets of furs most in fashionable vogue, are the sable half-circle cape, extending to the elbows, and terminating in front in two long lappets, with sable tags. It is closed over the chest by three buttons and loops. The cuffs are rather small, as is also the muff, which is ornamented by two cords and tassels at each end. There are opera muffs in ermine and royal furs, to match the ermine-bordered shawls of white or pearl for the opera.

Then there are sets of chinchilla, fitch, stone martin, mink, and furs of inferior qualities, for trimming children's dresses.

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Bridesmaids' Costume—Having been requested to furnish some hints for bridesmaids' costume, we submit the following: The bonnets are usually white, and may be made of silk, therry velvet, or crinoline. They may have some color intermingled in the trimming. A bonnet of white therry velvet, prepared for a fashionable wedding, is trimmed with white roses and jasmin, a wreath of the same ornamenting the inside of the brim. Another bonnet of the same material has been trimmed with blonde and a tuft of white ostrich feathers. A bonnet of French chip is prettily trimmed on each side with bouquets of white, lilac and clematis. Plain white or colored glacé is a suitable material for a bridesmaid's dress.

Full Toilettes.—A few white dresses, consisting of silk, organdy, tulle, worked muslin, &c., have recently been made up for evening costume. One is composed of white tulle over pink silk, and has the skirt ornamented with one deep flounce headed by a ruche of pink ribbon. Dresses of tulle are made with two or three skirts, trimmed at the edge with rows of very narrow black and colored velvet. A dress destined for dinner costume, and presenting much novelty as to style, has just been completed, It consists of white silk, and has three deep flounces ornamented at the lower edge with four rows of velvet of a bright clear blue. These rows of velvet, which are woven in the silk, are each about an inch wide. The corsage is half high and plain, and has a basque vandyked at the edge, the vandykes being trimmed round with rows of blue velvet. The sleeves are short, and formed of a small puffing and frills vandyked and trimmed with velvet. A fichu of white tulle spotted with blue velvet is to be worn with this dress. It is crossed in front, and has the upper edge finished by a bouillonne, within which is passed a running of blue velvet. Two rows of very beautiful lace ornament the lower part of the fichu. The coiffure consists of a net formed partly of white bugles and partly of very fine blue chemille; small tassels of chemille droop towards the back of the neck.

Editors' Department.

GLIMPSES INSIDE THE CARS, &c.

It was a raw, gusty November morning, with clouds of a dull, bluish-gray folded heavily over the sky, and the earth wearing that sombre, dismal aspect, which told as plainly as words could have done that her glory had departed, that the old age of another year had fallen upon her, and that nothing remained to her now but a struggling through winds and storms into December, and then a *shroud*.

An old woman and a young girl entered the cars which were plunging on to New York. They were neatly, but very plainly dressed, and looked about them with that half-shy, half-curious manner which indicated at once they were not accustomed to travel; moreover, there was a slightly foreign air about them, and if you are a student of national physiognomy, you would at once have soon settled it in your mind that they were English people.

The old woman was very pale and delicate, evidently in ill-health, and there was something touching in the silvery braids of hair that were combed so smoothly over her wrinkled forehead, and in the mild, faded, half-sorrowful eyes, that told you at once her passage through life had not been a smooth one.

But the younger woman, or girl—oh! it would have done your heart good to look on her! There was such a rich, healthful bloom on her cheeks, there was so much hope and brightness in her blue eyes, so much innocence and sweetness in the quiet smile which her lips fell into so naturally, that, gazing on her, a *good* heart could hardly help praying that the young English girl might find a very happy life in the new land to which she had come.

A few sentences must tell the history of these people. The young girl was betrothed to the old woman's only son. He had been in America for more than a year, and as soon as the industrious young carpenter had earned money sufficient to see his way clear to providing them a humble but comfortable home, he had written over the seas:

"Mother and Mary:—

"Sell off all the old furniture, and come straight to me."

And they had come—those two tender, loving, trusting women, the old and the young, for Mary was an orphan, and there were no strong ties to bind her to the fatherland.

The steamer had reached Boston three days before. They had written to Charles, informing him of their arrival, and expecting that he would meet them. But he did not; and so, fearing the letter had been delayed, they started for New York.

The cars were not filled this morning, for the travelling season was over. The young girl took up a paper which some passenger had thrown down on the seat before her.

She ran her eyes half carelessly over the columns. Suddenly they paused a moment, a dark terror seemed to creep into their brightness, her face settled down into a white, deathly rigidness, a cry, not loud, or sharp, but deep, oh, so very deep, with a broken heart's agony, wavered over her lips, and she sank back, not unconscious, but stunned, paralyzed with the awful darkness those three newspaper lines had brought down upon her life!

"What is it? what is it, Mary?" eagerly cried out the old woman, as the girl turned her dumb, stony face toward her. She did not speak, she only pointed to the paper. The old woman grasped it eagerly with her shaking hands. In a moment she too had read the lines which told how a young carpenter, Charles Davis, had fallen accidentally from the roof of a high building in New York, and was taken up *dead! dead! dead!*

It is a mercy that the mind cannot at once grasp a sudden evil, that great shocks are usually bewildering. In this case it was so. The mother did not shriek or faint; but with a low, shivering "God help us!" she sank back, and the cars plunged on, on, with those two white, stony faces.

Only once either spoke. A gleam of hope shot up suddenly into the mother's eyes; she seized hold of Mary's hand, and whispered, "Perhaps it was somebody else, Mary." And Mary looked up a moment, as the drowning look up when eager hands are reached out to their rescue; then the blank despair darkened her face again, her head dropped, but it may be that for those long two hours, this thought warmed away down in her heart, as it did in the mother's, and kept them both from breaking.

At last the train glided into the depot; the passengers bustled about for their travelling bags and bundles, but the two sat there, still and motionless, as though death had suddenly stricken them.

A moment later a young man sprang hastily into the cars, and gazed with an intense, breathless sort of eagerness on his fine, honest face, up and down the cars.

Then he bounded forward, with his whole heart in his face. "Mother! Mary!" He couldn't have said another word just then. But those two! those two! If you could have seen them! "My boy! my boy! are you really alive?" ejaculated the old woman, clinging to him, with her shaking hands, while Mary, forgetting all her maiden shyness in her woman's loving, murmured up amid the happiest sobs and the sweetest tears—"Oh, Charlie! I thought you were dead—I did!"

"No. I'm alive and kicking, you better believe!"

responded the hearty tones of the young carpenter; "and oh! so glad to see you! The letter was miscarried, and I didn't get it until last night, and as you said you should start the third day if I didn't come on, I thought maybe I'd find you here with the morning train. I've got just the nicest kind of a home for you, four of the snuggest little rooms, and a new silk dress for Mary, which I'll engage she'll wear to the parson's next Saturday." And there was a significant laugh in his eyes which set Mary's pretty face all in a glow.

"But come! we won't stay here any longer. I've a whole year's talking on hand for you. Mary, you've certainly grown handsomer than ever. I'll get a carriage directly." And proudly, very proudly, he offered them each an arm, and escorted his mother and his betrothed from the cars.

"Well, I must say, it did me good to see him," said a gentleman passenger, who had witnessed this scene; "but I couldn't help thinking, with a pang of pity, after all, somebody's poor 'Charlie Davis' is dead."

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JANUARY! January! Time's bells ring out joyfully the birth-day of the New Year. It comes to us in the white robes meet for the newly born. It takes the crown and the sceptre from the dead December, and the fresh anointed of God, the New Year, ascends its throne, where Spring, with her sweet songs, and Summer, with her blossoms, and Autumn, with her fruitage, shall come to bring him good gifts, and do him loyal homage.

So, throughout all time, life is born of death! And unto us, reader, may there be born a more earnest, a higher, truer, better life, with this new JANUARY.

V. F. T.

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THE OLD STOVE.

I CAME across it suddenly the other day, in a corner of the garret—the old garret that I had not visited for so many years! That old stove! It was the first we ever had at our house, and what a sea of old memories surged and sparkled around that scarred, rusted, old-fashioned visage, more eloquent to me at that moment than the fairest face that ever rippled over with sparkling smiles!

How well I remember the night that it was "put up," and how we children stood at a respectful distance, almost expecting the grim, black ogre would spring after us, it looked so large, stern, and defiant—yet, after all, it's the simplest, homeliest, little cylinder that ever was fashioned; but as I sat down on the old garret floor, and looked on it through my tears, I wished I could see with the "child eyes" again.

What an event in our domestic annals it was, when we had a fire kindled there the first time! Our respect for the endowments and capacities of that remarkable stove, was wonderfully enhanced when cousin Charlie discovered what a capital place the top was for roasting chestnuts!

Then, in the long winter evenings, what charming stories we used to listen to, as our chairs formed a semi-circle about the old stove.

What an unlucky time that was, when, in my wild playing, the back of my hand was laid suddenly against its heated side; oh, it was not till the dandelions began to unveil their yellow fringes among the meadow-grass, and after much of suffering, before the burn was healed. There is the long scar on my left hand still; it will be there when they lay me away in my grave. Oh, old stove! old stove! there are larger, and deeper, and sadder scars than that on my hand, that I shall carry there—scars that are only of the heart!

And, sitting there, with the old memories surging by me, I wished I could walk back over the years that are gone, to the time when I stood first by that old stove! How many words and deeds I could recall! What a different life the "living over" would be! And yet—can the angels answer me—would it be *better?*"

Oh, the faces of "long ago" that start out from the shadow of that old stove! Where are they now? The earth is very wide, and the grave is very deep!

But I cannot turn over the great folio of memories now; only, reader, if in some hidden nook of your garret, some "mithic corner" of your cellar, there is an "old stove," go hunt it up, and look at it.

V. F. T.

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LITTLE COURTESIES.

HOW MUCH of meaning, of refinement, aye, of Christianity itself, there is in those little incidental attentions and politenesses, which go a great ways in making up the beauty of life!

We have known very many people—good, warm-hearted, and generous—who were capable of almost any act of self-sacrifice and abnegation, who would never have condescended to raise their hat to a lady, or offer her a glass of water before drinking themselves. This is frequently the fault of a coarse-grained nature, but perhaps oftenest the result of early education. Indeed, we always think a man's manners are the "living epistle, known and read of all men," of his mother's training. Habitual politeness can only make a man a thorough gentleman—a woman, a true lady. And this is easiest acquired in childhood, and in one's own household. If a boy be respectful and courteous to his sisters, he will be so to all women, so long as he lives; but if his intercourse with them be coarse, careless, abrupt, not softened and refined by a thousand nameless little attentions and graces, he will be rough, awkward—not fulfilling always the beautiful injunction of the apostle, "Be ye courteous to all men." Then, too, outward refinement influences and softens the inward character; for it is a law of our being that "expression intensifies the emotions and feelings."

But this work, after all, lies with every mother in the land—in the world; and we can only hope that these hints may influence some to consider it.

WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER.

THERE are two pictures in the present number of our magazine, that cannot fail to arrest the eyes and move the heart. They are "Washington receiving instruction from his mother," and "Washington taking leave of his mother," after his election to the office of President of the United States. We take them from Headley's Life of Washington, recently published by Scribner, of New York, in one handsome octavo volume, charmingly illustrated with a great variety of fine engravings, on both wood and steel. The moral of these pictures is of great value. The mother of Washington, left a widow with five children, was a woman who, looking to the higher good of her children, wisely sought to regulate their passions, and fill their minds with virtuous principles. Mr. Headley says of her:—"She was a woman of uncommon character, combining in harmonious proportions all those qualities necessary to make the best and noblest of our species—a good and true mother. George was her eldest born, on whom she was to rely in her old age, and she watched his early development with that solicitude a pious mother only knows. She saw in him those generous and noble traits which afterwards distinguished him—marked with pride his manly scorn of a lie, his hatred of wrong and oppression, whatever the forms they took, and his enthusiastic love of the great and good. But she saw, also, a bold and impetuous nature, which, when thoroughly roused, was not easily laid—a fearlessness and recklessness of danger that made her heart tremble, and it was with prayers and earnest teachings that she sought to place that nature under the control of reason and the law of right. Around that bold and passionate heart she cast ligature after ligature, woven from truth, and duty, and conscience, and bound them with maternal fondness there, till even its wildest throbbings could not rend them asunder. Right well and faithfully was her work done. It stood the fiery trials of youth, the storms of battle, and the temptations of ambition; and when, at last, conqueror and hero, he leaned his head, covered with honors, on her aged shoulder, and wept as he bade her farewell, to take his place at the head of the republic which he had saved, she reaped the fruit of her labors. How little she knew what destinies hung on her instructions, as that boy stood by her knee, and listened to her counsel."

We copy from the same volume the parting scene between Washington and his mother, after his election to the office of Chief Magistrate, the scene presented in our engraving. "His last act before commencing his journey north, was one of filial devotion. His aged mother lived in Fredericksburg, and thither he directed his steps. After embracing her, he told her of his election to the office of President, and added that, before entering upon his duties, he had come to bid her an 'affectionate farewell.' 'So soon,' said he, 'as the public business which must necessarily be encountered in forming a new government can be dispensed with, I shall hasten back.' 'You will see me no more,' she mournfully replied. 'My great age, and the disease which is rapidly approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. But you, George, fulfil the high destinies which Heaven has assigned you. Go, my son, and may Heaven and your mother's blessing be with you always.' Overcome by the solemnity of her manner, and the declaration, which he knew to be true, he leaned his head on her aged shoulder and wept. That great heart, which made him so terrible on the battle-field, was yet full of the tenderest affections, and clinging still to that dear parent, whose love for him was deep and unfailing as the ocean tide, he wept like a child, when told that he should see her no more. Not when on the disastrous field, he stops, and gathers around him, by his majestic bearing, the broken fragments of his army, nor when he stands at the head of the republic which he has saved, does he appear so great, so worthy of the admiration of men, as here, when he leans and weeps on the neck of his mother."

There is no scene connected with the history of our country of more tender interest than this. Few can contemplate it without brimming eyes. As the mother had predicted, he saw her face no more.

DEATH OF MRS. E. J. EAMES.

WE had cut the following brief notice of our correspondent, Mrs. Elizabeth J. Eames, one of the truest, purest poets of our country, from the *Boston Olive Branch*, and laid it aside for insertion in this number of the Home Magazine, when the papers brought us the sad intelligence of her death:

"In our last issue we directed the attention of our readers to a gem of a poem by Mrs. E. J. Eames, of Channahon, Ill. We love to pay a passing tribute of respect to the talented and good; and know our readers would like to hear a few words more about the author of "October Scene," to which we alluded last week, "Green Leaves," "The Struggling Woman," "Hands and Feet," which appeared in the *Olive Branch* and *Enterprise*. Mrs. Eames was formerly a resident of New York, where, by her superior literary abilities and lady-like manners, she won many friends. Some few years since, she removed with her children to Illinois, where she made her home with her parents, and was to them "a ministering angel" in their declining years. She has seen them laid in the grave, and remains there with other relatives. Mrs. H. of our office, who is intimately acquainted with her, describes her as a fairy creature with modest eyes and brown hair—as an affectionate mother, faithful friend and earnest Christian. We regret to learn that she is now an invalid. She has our best wishes for a speedy restoration to health—high literary success, and a long life of usefulness."

But the record of her life in this world is closed—as the poet has sung—

"Her languishing head is at rest,
Its aching and thinking are o'er;

Her quiet, immovable breast,
Is heaved by affliction no more."

And upwards her pure spirit has arisen to the higher felicities of a truer and better existence. It is scarcely a year since we published an extract from one of her letters, in which, she spoke with much feeling of the hopeless condition of her health, and the almost certain prospect of a speedy removal from her beloved ones. But life rallied again; the feeble pulses found a firmer beat, and the almost exhausted invalid seemed to gain a new hold upon life. It proved, however, but the bright upward blazing of the expiring candle, and now the light of her earthly life has gone out forever. We cannot but feel sad as one after another of the gifted and the good depart, leaving us only the fragrance of their pure lives, as heavenly remembrances.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORY OF TEXAS. From its Settlement in 1685, to its Annexation to the United States in 1846. By H. Yoakum, Esq. In two volumes. With an Appendix. New York: *Redfield.*

Texas, a most important section of our vast country, has at last found a historian worthy of her claims. There are few States in the Union whose early history abounds with more incidents of stirring and romantic interest. From its earliest exploration by the adventurous and unfortunate La Salle, down to the battle of San Jacinto, covering a period of one hundred and fifty years, Texas was the theatre of startling incidents and heroic episodes. A territory so fertile in events offered a remarkably interesting field for a capable historian. After several trials, by inferior hands, she has, at length, found in Mr. Yoakum a writer well qualified to do justice to the theme. He has evidently prepared these two fine octavo volumes with great care, leaving nothing unaccomplished in the way of research and patient collection, that would render the work as perfect as possible. It is variously illustrated, with portraits, maps, &c., which give it additional value. "Texas," says the author, "is an alluvial country, having very little rock on its surface. Everywhere is to be found unmistakable evidence of its having been submerged. In the extreme northern part, primitive rocks may be found, though in the inhabited portion they are never seen. The variety of her latitude and elevation give to her citizens a like variety of climate and productions. In the south they grow oranges and sugar canes; in the middle region, cotton; further north, wheat; and potatoes, corn, and other vegetables everywhere. In fact, there is no country of like extent where a greater variety and quantity of agricultural productions can be raised; nor is there any country where the laborer can find a more certain and better reward for his toil."

THE AMERICAN POULTERER'S COMPANION; A Practical Treatise on the Breeding, Rearing, and General Management of Various Species of Domestic Poultry. Illustrated by Portraits of Fowls, mostly taken from life; Poultry Houses, Coops, Nests, Feeding Hoppers, &c., &c., &c. A New Edition, enlarged and improved. By C. N. Bement. With 120 Illustrations on Wood and Stone. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

Never having had the "hen fever," or shanghai mania, we cannot talk by the book on this subject; but it strikes us, from a glance at the volume now up for consideration, that the author has exhausted the subject, for what more is left to be said, after writing some three hundred closely-printed double column pages, it is hard to imagine. It must prove the poulterer's vade mecum. The illustrations are very full, and executed in handsome style. When a boy, we were familiar with the denizens of the barnyard, and a faint impression has remained that we would know a cock or hen at first sight, let us meet the bird anywhere; but a glance at some of the portraits in this book has quite taken "the conceit out of us." We are behind the age in hen knowledge.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ROME. By John Bonner, author of "A Child's History of the United States." In two volumes. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

Clearly, familiarly, and pleasantly written, are these two captivating volumes for the young, fit companions for the author's preceding contributions to the same class of literature. We notice that he begins the History of Rome with the year 282, B. C., regarding all preceding accounts of persons and events, which have been received as historical, as mainly legendary, following in this the lucid conclusions of Sir G. C. Lewis, whose inquiry into the credibility of early Roman history has thrown a flood of light upon the subject. Referring to this, the author remarks: "It appears to me that the histories of children should be governed by as severe a canon as any other class of histories; and that the young should not be asked to receive as history that which, when they grow up, they will know to be fiction." Those early stories of old Rome —of Romulus, Numa, Tarquin, Coriolanus, Virginia, Camillus, &c., are not, however, omitted, but are given as legends. The volumes are copiously illustrated, and printed and bound in handsome style.

THE O'BRIENS AND THE O'FLAHERTYS. A National Tale. By Lady Morgan. Annotated by R. Shelton Mackenzie, D. C. L. In two volumes. New York: *Redfield.*

There have been few writers of fiction who have done more to extend our knowledge of Ireland and the Irish than Lady Morgan, or who have used with greater success the form of the novel to illustrate and enforce the value of liberal principles. As a woman of genius, a keen observer, and an accurate delineator of the lights and shadows of Irish life, Lady Morgan equals Miss Edgeworth in the fidelity with which she portrays character, and while inferior to her in an artistic sense, occupies, successfully, a higher plane in developing the causes which led to the social degradation of the Irish people. The notes of Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, which accompany

the present edition, throw much light on historical allusions made by the author, which would, otherwise, be little understood by American readers.

THE RIFLE, AXE, AND SADDLE-BAGS, AND OTHER LECTURES. By William Henry Milburn. With an Introduction by Rev. J. McClintock, D. D. With a Portrait of the Author, on Steel. New York: *Derby & Jackson.*

Mr. Milburn is known throughout the country as the eloquent blind preacher, who, a few years ago, held the position of chaplain to Congress. The curious title of the volume now introduced to the reader is highly significative, and refers to the three potent agencies by which the wilderness regions of the great west and south-west have been reclaimed, and made the abodes of civilization and Christian refinement. The rifle of the hunter made way for the axe of the settler, and soon the preacher came with his gospel tidings of good will to men, and the voice of prayer and praise ascended to Heaven from places where, but a short time before, was heard the savage howl of the wolf, or thrilling whoop of the murderous Indian. Mr. Milburn's book is a very interesting one. The many pioneer incidents he relates are all of a peculiarly attractive character. His own personal history, as briefly given by Mr. McClintock, in his charming introduction, is one of singular and touching interest. No one can read it without being strongly drawn towards the eloquent preacher.

A PRONOUNCING AND DEFINING DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Abridged from Webster's American Dictionary; with numerous Synonyms, carefully discriminated. By Rev. Chauncey A. Goodrich, D. D., Professor in Yale College. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

The royal quarto edition of Webster's English Dictionary, as well as the first abridgment, are both too voluminous for common use; and literary men, students, and all persons engaged in correspondence, have long felt the need of a more compact, yet still comprehensive dictionary; and this they now have in a volume of moderate price, not too large to lie upon the table for constant easy reference. The leading features in this abridgment are—the vocabulary has been pruned of obsolete and useless words, while the great body of the language in actual use has been carefully retained, and many hundreds of new words added in various departments of science, literature, and art. The most important words (to a great extent) are defined, not by a mere array of synonyms, but in short descriptive sentences or clauses, after the manner of larger works, designed to fix and ascertain the meaning in clear and precise terms. To words thus defined, synonymous terms are added in some thousands of cases. This was a leading feature in the royal octavo edition of Webster, and is now introduced for the first time into a work of this size. Great care has also been bestowed on the pronunciation. Distinguished orthoepists, both in England and America, have been consulted on doubtful points; and statements will be found in the remarks on this subject, throwing light (it is believed) on some questions which have been much debated in this country.

Beside Walker's Key to the pronunciation of classical and Scripture proper names, there is added a vocabulary of modern geographical names, prepared for the work by Jos. Thomas, M. D., the distinguished author of Lippincott's celebrated Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World.

HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1857.

As promised, we open the new volume of the Home Magazine with many essential improvements; among which we must refer to the handsome typography in which this number appears. The difference will be strongly apparent to any one who compares the January with the December number. Very great advancement in the tone and character of the literary portion of the work we can hardly hope to make, but we will promise better reading matter, if it is possible to find it, though we are in considerable doubt on that score; for we have always tried to furnish the best. As before, every effort will be made to interest and improve the mind, to cultivate the moral and social virtues, and to refine the taste. We regard home as the nursery of all that is good, and great, and noble, and that in our work of making homes more attractive to young and old, we are largely serving the common good. This is the mission of the Home Magazine, and we shall always endeavor to keep it true to its mission. In order to gain admittance to the largest number of homes, we present the most varied attractions, and give something for all classes of readers. The pleasant story, moral essay, instructive biography, historical sketch, and scientific illustration, blend with graceful poetry; and to these are added graver household matters, a treasury for the children, and a rich variety of designs for needlework. Fashion, too, claims her meed of attention, and is allowed to present her beautiful and varied costumes to the eyes. The Home Magazine will be as near perfection as it is possible to make a work of its size and exceedingly low price. All who receive it for the coming year will surely get their money's worth. The fine steel engravings are alone worth half the subscription price.

WINTER—(ILLUSTRATED.)

YOU are introduced now to a thorough New England scene, reader. The old, broad-shouldered farmer in his blue, shaggy coat, and his broad-brimmed hat, the load of pine wood which his patient horse is dragging through the snow, are as true to life as a picture can be. The brown, steep-roofed, old-fashioned cottage, with its snow-piled sheds, and angles, and barns, had had several decades of existence when railroads and telegraphs first entered into the dreams of the children of men.

The boys on the ice, too, are a comically picturesque group, occupying all sorts of semi-horizontal,

and inverted positions, which are the usual penalty of skating feats.

The kingly elm on the left, throws its broad, bare arms protectingly over the lowly roof, and its neighbor, that dismantled oak, whose boughs the lightnings have torn, and the winds have trampled, tells the old pathetic story of pride, that may break, but will never bend.

Well, under all these cold sheets of Winter's weaving, lie the beauty and the glory of the Spring. In her own good time she will prove "her right and office," by throwing off the white mufflings of the Winter, and writing with her own fair hands her new name upon the earth! V. F. T.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Did it ever strike you, reader, how many precious gems of though there are hidden away in old letters?—thoughts of beauty, and strength, and truth, with all the heart's dew and freshness upon them, because they were written not for the world's eyes, only for the loved ones'.

Here is one of these, a picture of the autumn, full of tender repose, and fragrance, and beauty, from a pen whose only fault is, that it has not given more just such pictures to the world:

"We rode out to Germantown, to West Philadelphia, and the Wissahickon road, some of those balmy October days of which I can only say, 'They are *perfect*.'

"You know how it is—the senses are wrapped in delicious repose; *the Ideal of the earth seems realized*, and the mind wanders like the eye, through realms before unattainable. Through such an air we rode, or rather seemed to float on pinions which knew no jar, feasting our eyes on the most brilliant colors and beauties, scattered and grouped, and heaped, on every side.

"And stillness, and silence, and peace, reigned around. It is the culminating time of the year to me. I wait eagerly for it, and every year it seems to surpass all former ones."

Here is another from the same pen, equally fine, describing a storm:

"Every frail plant and blossom, is bent and shaken in the blast, and is struggling vainly just like me, to cast away tears, and stand erect and self-supported. But still the pitiless storm blows on; the world has need of it; and tug and strain as they may, they but fight with a mightier power—they will have tougher fibre, they will be braver flowers, but storm will be master. So I take it, somewhere in the moral elements there is need of the storms which strain the fibres of my affections. *Perhaps I need toughening.*"

"Even sorrow and sadness are better than that awful black solitude of spirit, when no light of love glides before, to guide us through the dark valley. The most frightful thing ever said of any man is this, 'He was alone—always alone—and gnashing his teeth in the darkness.'" V. F. T.

A NEW BABY-JUMPER.

Mr. E. W. Carryl, Chestnut street below Seventh, is the sole agent for Philadelphia of a novel chair, the seat of which is supported by two spiral springs, that yield easily to the weight of a child, who, by the pressure of its feet, or swaying of its body, sets the machine to dancing, with a rapid or gentle motion. The seat of the chair is high enough to permit the child to sit at the table, and is marked with a scale of numbers that show the weight of the chubby little occupant. Altogether, it is a neat and ingenious affair, and will take the fancy of a great many papas who happen to have babies under two years old at home. Messrs. Richardson, Emmons & Co., are general agents for the United States.

☞ We particularly refer to the exquisite steel engraving in this number, which is printed in colors, a costly process, but giving an exceedingly fine effect. Different colored inks are put upon the steel plate, and blended there with artistic skill; the impression is then taken, and the print comes from the plate perfect as you now see it. It is a process very rarely attempted.

☞ Our colored fashion plate is a gem in its way. We shall give one in every number of the Magazine for 1857, of similar elegance.

☞ The opening chapters of Miss Townsend's story are very fine, and give promise of deep interest in the succeeding numbers.

☞ "Maria Honeycombe" improves rapidly on acquaintance. Don't fail to read the "Letters from La Ruche."

☞ We give another of Mrs. Whitaker's "Pictures of Southern Life." She writes with a practised hand, and sketches with the life-like distinctness of a true artist.

☞ By favor of the publishers, we are able to offer our readers a number of fine illustrations from Dr. Kane's new work, giving an account of his remarkable adventures in the Arctic regions. We shall give another article, with illustrations, in the February number.

☞ Friends of the Home Magazine, will you not speak a word in our favor among friends and neighbors? If you want an extra copy to show them, be sure to write for it, and it will be promptly sent. We furnish it at so low a rate—four copies for $5—that no household need be deprived of its monthly visits.

The *Nyack* (N. Y.) *Journal* says of the Home Magazine:—"We have so often called attention to this periodical, that it is hardly necessary to repeat its varied claims to public favor. We have never detected in its pages a line or a thought which we would fear to commend to the purest mind."

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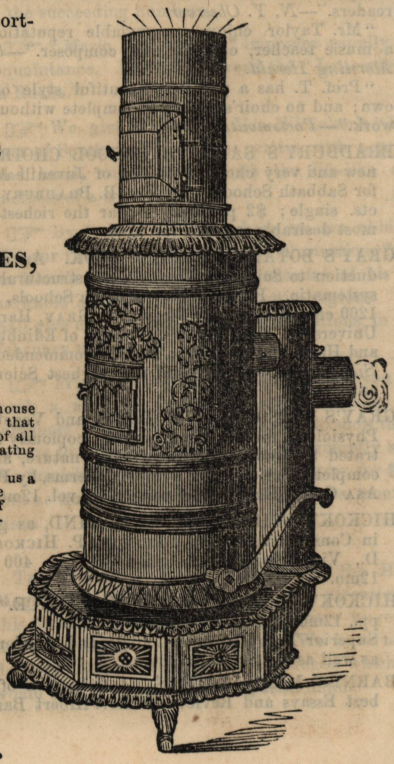

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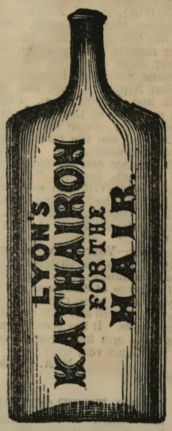

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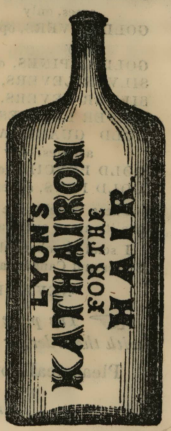

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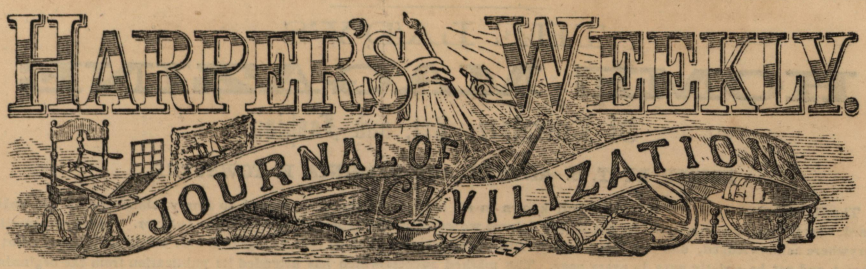

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It will also give a due share of attention to the taste, the imagination, and the feelings. Its regular contents will embrace Tales, Incidents of Travel and Adventure, Sketches of Character and Social Life, and Essays upon Art and Morals.

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A new story from the graceful pen of Miss Townsend will appear in this department in nearly every number of the Magazine, besides a variety of entertaining and instructive matter for the young people.

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Hints on domestic economy, household and culinary affairs, and all matters of interest to the young housekeeper, will be especially presented in this department.

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In this will be given patterns for needle-work, hints on dress.

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